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The global peace crusade





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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
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JUNE 23 1982 VOL. 95 NO. 26

COVER

The global peace crusade

Fearful about the very future of mankind, hundreds of thousands of people around the world have taken to the streets to protest against the nuclear arms buildup. But as world leaders trooped to a United Nations session on disarmament last week, the chance of global catastrophe remained all too real and marchers were crushed blood — **Page 26**

COVER PHOTO BY PHIL GORDON/AGF



Black humor in Ottawa

There were grim jokes and grim looks behind Liberal doors last week as MPs and ministers joined in the final debate on a recovery strategy — **Page 14**



Sunrise on the Rideau

As the Toronto Star Editor Peter Worthington is seeking the Tory nomination in a Toronto by-election. If he wins, his successor may be Barbara Amiel — **Page 42**



Israel closes the ring

With the destruction of large parts of Beirut, it became apparent that the Israeli forces were determined to seal out the PLO's last guerrilla strongholds in Lebanon — **Page 29**



Rhythn in a cold climate

By blending rhythm and blues with reggae, Leroy Gibbes is finally reaching the broad audience in Canada that he has enjoyed for years in Jamaica. — **Page 62**

CONTENTS

Amiel	8
Behavior	14
Books	25
Business	44
Canada	14
Commentaries	32
Film	58
Fetheringham	64
Justice	50
Letters	4
Music	61
Newman	3
People	42
Profile	9
Recreation	45
Science	37
Sports	41
World	29

Extra Light Peter Jackson

Marble's June 26, 1992

[illegible]

EDITORIAL By Peter C. Newman



Out of a global back room, worthwhile peace proposals

In the tangle of dramatic protests, overblown rhetoric and cross-country marches attempting to bring about nuclear disarmament, one clear and realistic voice has finally been heard. Instead of hysterically denouncing peace at any price, it provides a solution to the most agonizing dilemma of our time.

Acknowledging The Independent Commission on Disarmament and Security Issues, this call to disarm discloses the wisdom of some of the world's leading statesmen and, unlike most of the other approaches being advocated, carries the sanction of senior influences in both the United States and the USSR. The document takes its stance among the indisputable notions that since the forces of destruction under debate are man-made, humanity has it within its power to contain them, that efforts in this direction of late have been too feeble to be effective, that all nations have a responsibility to disarm, and that nuclear war weapons have altered not only the scale of warfare but the very concept of war itself. "In the nuclear age," it states, "war cannot be an instrument of policy, only an engine for destruction."

At the same time, the document rejects such utopian approaches as a worldwide nuclear freeze for the very good reason that this would do nothing except perpetuate the Soviets' existing nuclear missile superiority. It also refuses to accept the tragically unrealistic notion that total disarmament will ever be possible. For one thing, the U.S.S.R. does not dare to disarm without losing its empire of satellites in Eastern Europe and its grip on the population of its homeland. What this declaration does accomplish is to renounce the idea of a nuclear exchange as any kind of viable national policy. It advocates the immediate, mutual withdrawal of nuclear weapons, agreement for conventional force parity between the superpowers, and gradual elimination of the nuclear umbrella.

Signed by, among others, the former prime ministers of Norway, Poland, Nigeria, Holland and Sweden, as well as the former foreign ministers of the United States, the United Kingdom, West Germany, Mexico, Japan, Guyana and Tanzania, the report also carries the signature of Giorgi Arbatov, a full member of the U.S.S.R.'s Central Committee and director of Moscow's prestigious Institute of the U.S.A. and Canada.

The Canadian signatory is R A D Ford, our former ambassador to the Soviet Union, a distinguished poet and one of this country's most enlightened diplomats. His allegiance to the new disarmament initiative lends great credibility to the cause.

What binds these statements together is the sure knowledge that nuclear war would amount to an unprecedented catastrophe for mankind and suicide for those who resort to it. "There will be no winner in a nuclear war," they conclude. "The use of these weapons would result in devastation and suffering of a magnitude which would render meaningless any notion of victory."

LETTERS

Oh, Canada!

After I read several articles in the June 7 issue (*The Saskatchewan Current*), I asked myself how my country could end up in such a mess. The current economic crisis, as far as I'm concerned, is the result of the government's inability and incompetence in dealing with the critical issues and the Canadian labor unions and their members' inability to be realistic in their demands. And, of course, we can't forget the high interest rate policy of the United States (our government's excuse). All I can do is sit back and watch.

—DEBRA LAUDAW, Oshawa, Ont.

Freedom of the press?

Your Press article of June 14, *Bombing over Tibet*, showed clearly how government officials try to badly report and reveal confidential sources or printing the politicians' version of the news. This is happening in a free society. Just think what the federal government will be able to do to the press once it gets its paws on an official Canadian newspaper's act! —CHRISTINA SPENCER, Ottawa

The results of electroshock

Congressmen for publishing the article *A Star Over Electroshock* (October, May 87) it was believed—perhaps too believed—by I was very pleased that you gave voice to the antishock views expressed by Mel Starkey and Leonard Roy Frank, two of thousands of people who have been permanently damaged by electroshock. The permanent loss of memory and learning or

In a recent editorial on Pierre Trudeau and his process of selecting an architect for the Washington Embassy, I was critical of the prime minister's method of choosing the architect. I still am. At the same time, I did not mean to belittle Arthur Erickson's real talent and well-deserved professional reputation. That is taken for granted. Nor did I mean to imply that Erickson's actions were improper. Quite the contrary. As a first-rate architect, he will be pleased to do the job and he will do it well. It was merely the abusive process of choosing him that I objected to. For a government to ignore an architect, impartial process after impartial competition to enter it is unfair to all the contestants—and, in the end, to the winner.

—PETER C. NEWMAN, Editor, *Marathon*

intellectual abilities, as well as brain damage, is all too real. Shock doctors such as Fred Frommel and Stuart Yudofsky typically minimize the massive damage caused by electroshock. Ernest Hemingway, the Nobel Prize-winning writer, killed himself shortly after being subjected to a series of 12 shock treatments. He had sadly discovered that huge chunks of his memory were wiped out and that he had lost his ability to write. —DON WHITE, Toronto

Not bored by Beethoven

I am a Grade 12 student who has studied music for more than 30 years. I play the flute and the string bass in a high school orchestra, which you so humorously describe as lumbering through the classics (*Discovering Jazz in the Tempest Sea*, *The Canada*, May 31). I, along with a great many of my classmates, am very upset with your comments. Classical music is exciting, challenging and improves a student's technique much more than pop or jazz could. I'm not considering stage-band music (I play piano in our high school stage band), but we prefer the classics and are not at all "bored by Beethoven."

—MICHAEL HALLS, Owen Sound, Ont.

An insidious move

Bill C-85 is just another step toward Trudeau's plan to become the absolute dictator of Canada (*Sharpening Aim for Consensus*, *Canada*, May 31). It seems that only a few organizations (such as the Canadian Cattlemen's Association), mostly in Western Canada, recognize this insidious move as one more step toward the loss of freedom for which our forefathers fought over the centuries.

—B.W. MORGENTHAU, Coramotion, Alta.

PASSAGES

DEED: Prominent Italian banker Roberto Calvi, 61, by hanging himself from a River Thames bridge in London. Chairman of Italy's largest private bank, Calvi's death is the latest incident in a sensational corruption scandal involving highly placed Masonic lodge members that has rocked Italian politics. Revelations of subventions and tax evasion by powerful lodge members brought down the Christian Democratic government last year.

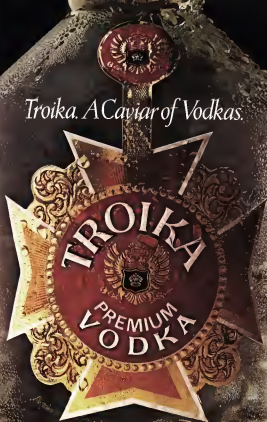
RETURNED: Former Sudan leader Nimeiri Osman, 46, to Nigeria after more than 22 years in exile following the 1987-79 civil war. Osman, with a major political force in Nigeria, was the last major Sudan figure to be pardoned by President Shabani Shagari for his part in the bloody 1965 attempt to secede from federal Nigeria. Most of the country's six political parties are reportedly eager to carry Osman's banner as they gear up for elections next summer.

DEED: Several American aviators and short-story writer John Cheever, 78, of course, at his home in Ossining, N.Y. His five novels and 100 short stories plumbed the turmoil and glumness under the patina of polite civilization in U.S. suburbs. Best known for the collection *The Stories of John Cheever* (1976) and the novel *Falconer* (1977) and *The Wapshot Chronicle* (1957), Cheever won every major U.S. literary award in the course of his 30-year career. His most recent novel, *On Whist a Paradise* (1976), was published this spring.

DEED: Actor Carl Jungers, 61, in Vienna, after a lengthy heart problem. Known internationally for his supporting-role portrayals of sophisticated spies, military men and villains in such films as *The Longest Day* and *The Spy Who Loved Me*, Jungers was one of the largest box-office draws in West Germany during the early 1970s.

ABSENTEE: Albert Helmut Baur, 74, a 36-year resident of Canada wanted by the West German government in connection with the Second World War murders of 15,000 Lithuanian Jews. Baur, of Willowdale, Ont., was arrested by the RCMP acting on a request from the Federal Republic of Germany.

CONVICTED: Claude Robitson, 31, former deputy minister of transport in Quebec and head of the Olympic marketing board, on two counts of fraud. Robitson had been accused of eight counts of fraud and breach of trust for allegedly receiving favors from government contractors between 1971 and 1972.



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The British are justified

The so-called cigarette-and-icecream-reporting by Western news media of the Falklands crisis is a disgrace. This is not a Sunday afternoon cricket match between players of equal stature. Britain is fully justified in the course of action she has taken. —DAVID A. CHOW
Richmond, Ont.

How to increase awareness

I agree 100 per cent with Rodarik Hladjewa's latest column, *Uncle Sam in the Arctic Circle* (1). But I think we should continue up the leg until we sink our teeth into something that will make Uncle Sam painfully aware of Canadians. —ALLAN HALLIN
Calgary

The light of the gospel

As a Christian I do not feel Pope John Paul II's visit to Britain anything to celebrate (*A Journey of the Monks and Priests*, Religion, June 7). The only Christ prayed for is unity in the truth of His Word, not unity founded upon false myths. Archbishop Robert Runcie is no hero in the kingdom of God, for he is attempting to hide the light of the gospel under the "basket" of Rome! —KIRK WELLEN
Mississauga, Ont.

No assistance for the innocent

First, our solicitor general, Robert Kaplan, pays \$50,000 to self-confessed mass murderer Clifford Robert Olson. Then he writes character references on behalf of two former campaign workers convicted of theft. This is the same man who, thus far, refuses to become involved with the Susan Nelson case (*The Assassiny of Innocence*, Canada, May 31). Nelson now has to pay her legal fees without any government assistance. It is obvious that our solicitor general will only interfere with the trials of the guilty. —JANICE LEBLANC
Windsor, Ont.

Preparing for the real world

It is heartening to know that there are teachers in the high schools who are caring, thoughtful and literate (*Teaching a New Look at the Old Politics*, June 7). May Owen Gray prosper and his ideas for curriculum revision get through to the politicians and bureaucrats who determine what our children will be taught. —MICHAEL LEVIN
Toronto

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Babes in a fantasyland of peace

By Barbara Amiel

The peace movement is upon us. On weekends the streets and civic squares of our land are being lit up by such groups of pacifists, intellectuals, churchmen and the naive. They cry out for peace—as if any sane person were against it. In April two Bostoners, Ovi, mothers made the newspapers as they dragged their children off on a 900-km walk to New York City to take part in an anti-nuclear rally that marked the beginning of this month's United Nations Special Session on Disarmament and also marked the return to television of the monster-the chest "Give peace a chance," from which we have been happily free since the days of the antiwar protests.

All this peace fever, of course, brings no end of pleasure to the Soviet Union—the only possible beneficiary of our rallies, referendums and calls for nuclear-free zones. It is fortunate to have to go past and not the other way. Public opinion only has influence in democratic systems—but even after events in Poland and Afghanistan, it still seems necessary. One only wonders how many of Canada's pacifists understand and accept the consequences of their actions. Surely, that should the "peace" movement be successful on its terms of weakening the West's power of deterrence—the only thing in which it can be successful—it will bring nuclear war closer.

The early Bertrand Russell—British philosopher and peace activist—understood these days people on the peace movement tend to draw a veil over the development of Russell's antipathetic societies, but it is worth examining. Russell never had any illusions about the USSR. So long as the West alone had the bomb, he felt there was hope for the world. But as the West failed to stop the Soviet sweep into Eastern Europe and the Soviets moved nearer to nuclear parity, Russell changed his emphasis. Eventually, his views came to reflect a belief that the world would be irreversibly 200 years after communism, but no 200 years after a nuclear war.

It was an honest choice. If only it was his to announce one. But today's peace marchers have at their disposal concrete evidence of what a decade of defeat Western disarmament does to Soviet policies. Few people would deny that, under the rubric of deterrence, the West reduced the rate of Soviet military expenditures and arms buildup during

the '70s, as the Soviets increased their military might—including the installation of nuclear missiles aimed at Western Europe—the West seemed intent only on implementing a sort of belated Marshall plan to help the Soviets catch up with us. The idea was that through trade, technology and cultural exchanges we would "liberalize" the Soviet regime. The result, of course, was a disaster. Soviet planes fostered strife all over the world; that technology built such useful facilities as the USSR's Kama River truck plant whose vehicles invaded Afghanistan. Finally it dawned on the West that its defense systems were in such disarray that, even if we had the will, there was no way to respond to Soviet advances. Indeed, by the late '70s, the only deterrent we had—which in fact had prevented world war and kept conflicts localized—was the fear of nuclear war.

If the peace movement is successful in weakening the West's power of deterrence, it will bring nuclear war closer

It was precisely at this point—that moment that the détente gey was that the peace movement disappeared from the scene. What a blessing to the Kremlin! The peace movement which had been so quiet while the Soviets built up their armaments once again began puffing out its view to prevent Western military leaders from reacting to the Soviet buildup. It was a naive idea, as Soviet specialists Vladimir Bukharin at King's College, Cambridge, has pointed out in his essay *The Peace Movement and the Soviet Union*, was neither accidental nor coincidental. The Soviet Union's foreign policy and the deployment of the Western peace movement had been carefully orchestrated.

It is, however, not necessary to be a Communist, fellow traveler or even anti-Western to fall into some of the "betwixt" traps of the peace movement. On a recent television show I found myself facing former Ontario NDP leader Stephen Lewis, a man of no mean intellect. Though Lewis had no illusions about the essential nature of the Soviets, he argued persuasively that the United States under Ronald Reagan

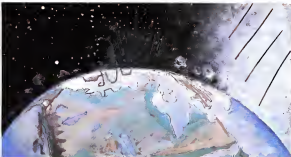
had a "paranoia" about the Soviet Union and that the Soviets had some understandable fears about their own security. Time did not permit the obvious rebuttal. Paranoia is an imaginary fear, and given the Soviet's actual record of territorial expansion, any fears we may have about its aggressive ambitions could scarcely be called imaginary.

On the other hand, one is hard put to find any area of the Soviet Union that has been attacked by a Western power. But this idea, that the Soviets' grip on Eastern Europe or Afghanistan is so tight because of a need for border security based on psychic fears re-emerging from Hitler's invasion almost 40 years ago, is still used in a sort of apology for a good deal of Soviet conduct. Once they understand that we wish them no ill, goes the salient of this sort of reasoning, the Soviets will feel more secure about their borders and won't need to tap into neighboring countries and displace them.

It is absurd. The Soviets have no worries about the West invading. They do have worries about their own regime's collapse. With their economy in disarray and open road networks of "disincorporation" in Eastern Europe, they can afford a strong and independent West on their hands. Throughout détente the Soviets could count on the West to feed their citizens and turn a blind eye to their territorial maneuvering. Now the Western governments have spoken up. They understand that the peace movement's actions—such as being able to kill the other 30 times over, so why none weapons—its involvement when technological advances could defeat Western missiles before they reach their targets. They understand that Soviet policy is not liberalized by acts of good faith. They understand, most of all, that the fear of brute power, alone, is all that prevents the use of brute power.

And what all Westerners should understand is that a universal longing for peace may live in the hearts of all the peoples of the world, but it is only in the free world that "people's" influence policy.

All that the peace movement can accomplish in Western disarmament. And that would leave the West in the predicament of a wounded animal. Its instinct would be to fight, its weakness would invite attack and at the same time drive it to desperate measures to defend itself. In our current state, that could well mean nuclear war.



PROFILE: PATERSON EWEN

Capturing the universe in process

By Gillian MacKay

Sometimes, when Patricia Ewen finishes a painting, he and his girlfriend, Mary, will lift the huge 125-lb piece of plywood off the wooden easels in his studio and bring them down and prop it up against the wall. From the opposite end of the room, they will sit on the blue velvet sofa and gaze at a landscape—a startling cloudburst over water, or a gigantic, glowing red moon—so powerful that it seems to shatter the tidy boundaries of white walls and striped wooden floors in their renovated Victorian home.

"We sit in silence and then the most unexpected words are 'cray, out, it breaks all the rules,'" says Ewen. "I become a little more aware the next day, hoping it will sell or something, but at that moment it's so thrilling that I can only think, 'There it is, God, I did it, and it's better than the image I had in mind.'"

On this sunny morning in the spare light-filled room in London, Ont., the artist's paints, brushes and tools sit all around the floor and splattered canvases. The battered

books crowding the mantel piece contain a rich harvest of images—myriad patterns in a watery world, swirling confusions in an old Japanese navigation manual—for his painting. But no many weeks away from walls have brightened the husband-and-wife's work of art. It takes a double month and two tranquil hours at noon to put a melody out on the day, to bring out the engaging wit of the musician. What he gives with the "palace of art painting" has settled in, even as he prepares to make a melodic in his career. The summer has caught, romantic paint-

ings of heavenly and earthly phenomena as well represent Canada in the Venice Biennale, the celebrated international exhibition which opened this month. He has been described as "one of the best, if not the best painter in Canada right now" by Jessica Bradley, assistant curator of contemporary art at the Montreal Gallery. Not since high school in Montreal's West End, when he readily became "everybody's hero," has so much attention been paid. Yet, with not enough time to start a new work before he and Mary fly to Venice, his days are filled with such domestic adventures as

the conquest of lent cutlery in the back yard, shoring enough, but hardly the exploits of genius. "I almost didn't come people who enjoy painting around," he promises to his slow, quiet manner. "I think, 'What are they doing with their lives?' I have to be doing something important."

The 51-year-old painter is one of the rare artists who, like Picasso, blossoms suddenly in middle age. In a sense Patricia Ewen has had two lives: the first in Montreal where he grew up, married, career and

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photographer François Bellon and raised four boys, the second in London, where he matured as a painter. Cutting his world down the middle was a 14-month nervous breakdown that occurred in 1967, after he left an unhappy marriage wracked by infidelity on both sides. He ended up at Westminster Hospital in London, where he underwent shock therapy for depression. When he emerged, he was alone, at 45, in a strange city with \$150 in the bank. He took a room above a tavern where he knew local artists congregated and survived by selling the odd painting and, later, teaching. In Montreal he had painted at night in the basement until the early hours while working in support his family during the day. At various times he had been a carpet salesman, a night attendant at a motel and, lastly, a personnel manager at a paper company. Two frequently for his liking, he also cooked and cared for the children while his wife pursued her artistic career. In London, for the first time, he was free just to paint.

It was what he now describes as "my hell-with-you" period. Since 1969, when Arthur Lismer unconsciously handed him his diploma in the hallway after only two years at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts School, he had been swept up in the myriad currents of post-war painting. Among his richly varied influences is the explosive Montreal art scene of that day where his teacher Goodridge Roberts, Paul-Émile Borduas and Les Automatistes with whom he exhibited, and hard-core painters of *École Moderne* and *École Younger* with whom he shared a studio. Always accomplished and modestly successful, he was nonetheless frustrated by his inability to achieve a style of his own. Says his Toronto dealer, Carmen Lacombe: "He would see people painting stripes so he would try stripes and then he would feel guilty. He needed the freedom to be himself." Finally, in the early '70s, he came to realize the emptiness of abstract art and the very act of painting as an end in itself. In a spirit of play and rebellion, he decided to make a gag-painting, resulting in his youthful fascination with Japanese prints. As soon as he started to gouge it in the plywood, he knew he had found his medium. "From then on it just took

off like a house on fire." Even loved the new work. So did his dealer and friends. But the public and the art establishment ignored it. In 1973, a year after his first show of the wood paintings, Owen wrote an angry letter to *Art Canada*, then director of the National Gallery, asking why none of her staff had been to see his work. He loves to tell of how, one week later, two curators showed up at Carmen Lacombe's gallery "white-faced and looking as if something terrible had happened." Next, they visited him in London and

bought those paintings on the spot. The most ridiculous part of it, says Owen, bursting into giggles, was when one curator exclaimed, "They're so wonderful, so Canadian. They're made of wood!"

Even shreds off the notion that there is anything, particularly Canadian, in his *belting* for landscape. He does have an intense, almost religious, love of nature which is reflected in the act of painting itself. "I feel when I'm painting this is a bit embarrassing—as if I'm part of



Portrait of Vincent, 1974. He holds in his open books and jumps up like a dog, shakes the stress in his arms.

what's going on, whether it's water, rain or sun. It takes you out of the mundane world to a level of yourself so unselfish, it almost seems like a force from outside." The force of his passion rings like a thunderclap through his paintings of rain, moon, rainfall, hail, mist, northern lights and abstract galaxies and yet they retain a lyrical delicacy. Says Globe and Mail critic John Bentley Mayes: "He opens our eyes to the universe is present, to its mystical unity, and that's why I'm grateful to him."

Painting them at work is part spiritual seeker, part child at play. He broods for many months on an image and paints only about four weeks a year, taking sayings from three days to six weeks to finish them. His unique method is to carve the image into the wood with an electric router—blasting out lines of ribs or rigging background away away to bring a moon into relief—before applying acrylic paint and other materials, such as metal and canvas. Dressed in flax monk, ear plugs and thick gloves, he actually gets up on the painting, which is mounted on the easel, and crawls over it "like a wraith-woman," attacking the wood with the router.

The strong, almost athletic enjoy-

ment, he derives from this physically demanding process recalls his youth when sports and games, not art, were his passions. He enjoyed a "Tom-Sawyer-like childhood," catching crickets in a creek and shooting water rats near his home in the English-speaking suburbs. At high school he was captain of the football team and president of the student council but a poor pupil, a failing he blamed as a miserable home life. His father, whom he deeply admires, had emigrated from Scotland to work with the Hudson's Bay Co. in the North, and became general manager of a fur auc-

tion house in Montreal. An alcoholic, he fought bitterly with his wife, a odd, high-strung woman, who at times physically abused her two children. The Second World War provided an escape for Eben, who volunteered in 1942 for the most dangerous work his poor English would permit and wound up a machine gunner in a reconnaissance unit. When he returned from the war in 1946, he found his refuge in the world of art.

Today it would seem that life has fallen into place for Peterson Eben. Disappointment, though still omnipresent, is starting to recede. His new paintings are

as exciting and inventive as ever and they are in demand, even at prices between \$20,000 and \$30,000. Last year he made more than \$100,000 from painting and teaching studio art at the University of Western Ontario. For three years he has enjoyed a supportive, playful relationship with Mary Harford, a 25-year-old architecture student who also looks after him, keeping track of dates he can never remember, putting off pestering callers and driving him around in their new blue Cadillac. Yet, despite all this, he is wary at peace with himself. Anxiety and depression still afflict him, so do the old wounds that his memory keeps fresh. Overweight and perpetually dishevelled, he looks, as one old friend put it, "uncomfortable in his own body." He is often preoccupied, lost in the world of his paintings and his past, but can express a "warmth and finely tuned sensitivity to other people when it's required," says Robert McCaskill, a close colleague at Western. Though close to all his children, he feels a special bond to his eldest son, Vincent, 31, who is emotionally disturbed. One of Eben's rare portraits is of his son and incorporates a remarkably sensitive poem written by Vincent when a child. Says Eben: "The man I have dropped from another planet, a superior one probably."

The world may weigh heavily at times, but the making of art remains a constant source of joy. In the end, all energies of body and soul come together in that vital process. "I started out by assuming that I could save the world through art," Eben recalls with amusement. "That quickly changed to a desire to be the best artist in Canada. Then, having achieved something quite close to that, I realized it didn't make any difference. So we're back to sitting on the sofa again, looking at a work that's just finished, and it's so exhilarating that nothing else really matters."

Yet, despite all this, he is wary at peace with himself. Anxiety and depression still afflict him, so do the old wounds that his memory keeps fresh. Overweight and perpetually dishevelled, he looks, as one old friend put it, "uncomfortable in his own body." He is often preoccupied, lost in the world of his paintings and his past, but can express a "warmth and finely tuned sensitivity to other people when it's required," says Robert McCaskill, a close colleague at Western. Though close to all his children, he feels a special bond to his eldest son, Vincent, 31, who is emotionally disturbed. One of Eben's rare portraits is of his son and incorporates a remarkably sensitive poem written by Vincent when a child. Says Eben: "The man I have dropped from another planet, a superior one probably."



Peterson Eben: joy in the making of art



Melba R. Lwarsang: Age: eight. Home alone, but in need of ropes. Two rooms, no beds, income too small for needs.

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<p>I enclose my first payment of \$25.00 monthly <input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00 quarterly <input type="checkbox"/></p>	
<p>\$100.00 Semi-Annually <input type="checkbox"/> \$275.00 Annually <input type="checkbox"/></p>	
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Facts About FOSTER PARENTS PLAN

What is Foster Parents Plan? PLAN is a non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political social service agency. Our goal is to help children, their families and communities overseas to help themselves. Through social welfare, health, education and community development programs, PLAN avoids long-term dependency — and hopes to drive to enable the society to assume a greater responsibility for its own people.

What does involvement in Foster Parents Plan mean? By helping a child through PLAN, you experience a warm feeling of fulfillment that surely can be equalled. Your help will be extended to each member of the child's family and beyond — to the community in which he lives. In return, you will receive a new history and picture of your Foster Child and Family, regular correspondence from them, and from the PLAN Director in their country, and an annual progress report and updated pictures.

How does Foster Parents Plan promote self-reliance? We're a really family business. A Foster Family, they immediately begin to work toward a brighter future. Together with our social workers, they set a number of goals which will help make them self-sufficient. That is called the "Family Development Plan", and each year they will set goals and work toward them — goals mutually agreed upon as important. The aim is that within a specified period of time, the family will have reached a sufficient level of self-reliance to no longer need our support. We watch where your money goes — and we know it helps.

How are donations used? 88.5% of Foster Parents Plan's total income goes directly toward our overseas programs and personnel involved in and serving to your Foster Family, including counselling, guidance, medical and dental care, education and much, much more.

How does Foster Parents Plan help the community? We endeavor to get community leaders to determine what their needs are before we establish a plan of action with them. The community must participate in this plan, and provide the labour while PLAN supplies the materials to meet their goals. Community cooperative action is set up — youth and study centres established, dams, wells and latrines are built, poultry and pig-raising projects are begun and there are but a few examples.

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MacEachron and Johnston: How to resolve inflation is within six p.m. part of the ground

Black humor to launch a new campaign

By Mary Javign

The grim joke in Ottawa last week was that the way to start a small business is to buy a big business—and wait. That black humor now epitomizes the dark frontal mood as the cabinet enters a final debate over the government's soon-to-be-announced economic recovery strategy. Ministers had managed to work out a program of selective stimulus designed to boost investor confidence. They, some cabinet members renewed their drive to put more money into the package after the Versar case failed to produce any promise of an international recovery. And the subsequent argument has disguised the work of a minority of powerful ministers who are trying to determine the precise tax changes needed to encourage investment. As a result, cabinet now must deal with more variables, an impatient caucus and a plummeting economy as it tries to meet its mid-June deadline for a solid recovery program.

The roof of the dispute lies in the size of the deficit, which has apparently shot beyond the \$20-billion November budget estimate because of such "automatic stabilizers" as increased unemployment insurance payments. Some ministers, such as Revenue's Lloyd Axworthy, argue that an extra \$1 billion would scarcely be noticed on top of the

already massive debt and that the money is needed for job creation. At the same time, a minority of powerful ministers, which includes Allan Rock in Finance and Don Johnston at the Treasury Board, counters that higher deficits mean higher inflation. They also insist that the government must not deliberately add to the burgeoning debt load of Ottawa in a bid to send a signal of resolve to the investment community. Last week Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau reportedly came down on the side of MacEachron—although his strong stand has not stopped the argument.

Meanwhile the cabinet is also preoccupied with the exact components of an economic rescue strategy. Under pressure from political veterans, the cabinet is on the verge of abandoning a scheme to replace the monthly family allowance cheque with a boost in the child tax credit. Instead, ministers are now debating a "national anti-inflation campaign" designed to reduce month-to-month inflation to six per cent. Including income tax and such social payments as the old age security cheque (but not the guaranteed income supplement for the needy) would also be included under the ten-per-cent umbrella. The government would then launch a round of talks with business and labor in a bid to win acceptance for the plan.

And they would accept a pay freeze from business their sectors. But while the tactic apparently has the support of some powerful cabinet members—as well as Trudeau—they have been heavily criticized by other ministers and some senior bureaucrats.

At the same time, the remaining components of the package must be paid for by porous spending programs. The new plan will likely include modest interest rate assistance for farmers and homeowners, some job creation measures for the construction industry and a welter of solid tax changes that will reverse MacEachron's disastrous November budget and add some innovative tax breaks. Cabinet is also considering major increases in capital cost allowances and novel schemes to encourage the purchase of Canadian stock. Foreign investment rules will be used to allow more firms to escape taxation.

The prospect of change has temporarily quelled restless cabinet members who generally favor higher deficits and who realize that uncertainty and delays in the recovery program are contributing to the current economic decline (page 46). During a marathon six-hour session last week, Trudeau listed the Japanese insurance that all segments of society should share the burden of hard times. He also passionately reminded the caucus that every 100 most stay in Ottawa if the Congress sits throughout

July—otherwise the government could fall in an unexpected vote. Then the economic development subcommittee of caucus presented its independent report, which largely sided with the hard-line MacEachron stand. The in-depth studies and Trudeau's appeal turned a potential revolt into a constructive session that considered such innovative substantive suggestions as allowing Canadians to use registered art retirement savings plans without tax penalties for mortgage payments.

MacEachron's policies may still not be enough to achieve confidence. Allan Gregg, president of the authoritative Desmaré Research Ltd., says that the Liberals have massive credibility problems and that Canadians have become thoroughly skeptical. "They're all from Missouri—they say, 'Show us,'" says Gregg. "And that means that if the package isn't enough to shake investor confidence, it won't stimulate consumer confidence." Gregg explains that satisfaction with the way the system is operating has plummeted to an unprecedented low, although Canadians still stubbornly believe that life will get better. "They're not giving up on the system—they're giving up on the people in charge of the system," he contends.

For its part, the business community is adamant in its insistence that confidence will return only if the promised statement represents a substantial change in the federal investment approach. "If they just make a little sop at it, they're only going to make matters worse," said Roy Philip, president of the Canadian Manufacturers Association. John Ballough, president of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business, adds that the package may not be totally effective until Trudeau changes the membership and bureaucrats who were responsible for the November budget. "When someone picks your pocket and he says he's sorry, you don't have a long-term relationship of trust with the pocketpick," declared Ballough. "We're still dealing with the pocketpick, from a psychological point of view."

Ballough's message is not lost on most Liberals, who believe that the economy will not dramatically improve until MacEachron and some of the other key ministers and their officials change jobs. They also acknowledge that a new leader would probably improve their fortunes. Trudeau, however, shows no sign of quitting soon. But MacEachron is expected to make a dignified exit before autumn, leaving the post open for another cabinet or controversial. Except Minister Mary MacLellan. Until the shuffles take place, the cabinet is staking its political future on the hope that it can convince businesses that a new direction has successfully been established for new ministers to follow. ☐

Death delivered on parole

Prisoner Paul Kosarek had already been sentenced to a potential lifetime in the penitentiary, and penitentiary officials had been warned that he was capable of killing. Still, they released him after he had served just two-thirds of his sentence for sexually assaulting a four-year-old girl. Then, on Aug. 2, 1987—only six weeks after his release—Kosarek strangled Lisa Clasen, 11, after sexually assaulting her. He later told the RCMP in Duncan, B.C., that he could best reach sexual climax with a woman by strangling her and fantasizing by her begging him to stop.

Kosarek had been released as mandatory supervision, a 10-year-old program that obliges prison authorities to release a prisoner to serve the final third of his term outside the penitentiary but under supervision from a parole officer. Ever since the Clasen murder, Solicitor General Robert Kaplan has been promising to "tighten up" the rules of the program, under which about half of those released eventually return to jail. But everyone, from inmates to the family of Lisa Clasen, wants more than simple re-tightening.

Graham Stewart, executive director of the Kingston, Ont., branch of the John Howard Society, the prisoner rehabilitation group, is one of the most ardent opponents of the person parole.

"It is an idea that has never worked," he declares. While much of the public view mandatory supervision as an unexamined leniency, Stewart says prisoners use it as a form of control after their release. For its part, the union for prison guards and parole officers is also making changes. "The inmates feel they own the time, so they should get off and so no one should consider the time," says Wayne Crawford, executive secretary of the Union of Solicitor General's Employees. "The parole officers don't see it as a useful tool, but they don't want a revised union Robert Kaplan comes up with some better programs."

An inmate may still apply for parole after serving one-third of his sentence. But while parole mandatory supervision does not allow for any review of the inmate's stability before releasing him. One official, says a Kaplan aide, has been routinely longer

sentences as judges make allowances for mandatory supervision. Another stipulation has been a dramatic decrease in the percentage of inmates released on parole—dropping from more than 60 per cent of total releases 12 years ago to about 30 per cent currently.

Among the men most worried about Kaplan's delay is lawyer John Fraser. It is not opposed to the "served sentence" of sentences, which was the practice until 1990. But Fraser wants mandatory supervision abolished. And he believes about 100 out of from such hard cases as the Clasen murder. "There's nothing more difficult for enlightened people trying to improve the system than to have this kind of thing exploding in their faces," Fraser says.

The John Howard Society proposes that the \$10-million annual administrative costs of the program be applied to areas that can be utilized to keep former inmates out of trouble. Jobs, decent housing and more family support are "tightening the rules," Stewart claims that any such suggestion by Kaplan is a hollow promise, one violent behavior is too unpredictable. After all, Clifford Clasen was released on mandatory supervision, but he committed his murders after his complete release. —LARRY ANDERSON in Ottawa

Brother Neil, parents hope and several Clasen. "It is not like that his never wanted"





YUKON

High tragedy on Mount Logan

Like most deaths in the mountains, they came suddenly. It was just before noon on June 11, 1978 in up Canada's tallest peak, in Kluane National Park. Heavy snow had been falling on Yukon's Mount Logan for two days, and the strong winds on Colorado climbing towers had ramped for the night. Three fat climbers, they had completed the difficult technical sections of a north face ascent of the mountain's south face. Climber Kent Nolan, 34, and his partner Jim Eberhart, 36, were outside their tents preparing for breakfast. Then suddenly a fatal avalanche ripped down on them. "We were carried several hundred feet down a steep slope, but managed to stop," recalled Nolan. "After digging ourselves out, we climbed back to where the expertise was and found no tents at all. It was then that we realized everything had been buried by the avalanche."

Minutes later the men were frantically digging in the hardening snow to uncover two companions. Paul O'Sullivan and Doug Johnson. Afterward the four men, wearing only light coats and down slippers, began digging for their three other companions. Two and a half hours later, after climbing through two metres of snow, they found the bodies of Stephen James and expedition leader Frank Melling. It was only then that the truth sank in. Said Nolan, "Our hands and feet were freezing and we realized the futility of continuing."

For the next five days their primary concern would be survival. Battling strong winds and sub-zero temperatures, the men chopped a small plat-

form from the lower tip of a crevasse. There, with the few sinking snow sleeping bags and bivy sacs, they had succeeded, they huddled together to keep warm. "We played word games throughout the night to stay awake, and if anyone didn't sleep, we yelled at him till he did," said Eberhart. He explained that they never stopped twisting their fingers and toes to prevent them from freezing. The climbers knew with dreadful certainty that if they fell asleep they might never wake up.

After two nights in the crevasse, the weather cleared on Sunday, June 18, and the men managed to dig out supplies necessary to make a desperate seven-hour descent to a camp that was safe from avalanches at the 3,413-m level. When freshwater food could no longer be forced into uncontaminating bottles, they knew they would not be able to wait out. Their situation was grave. They radioed for help early on Monday.

Park officials immediately dispatched the one helicopter available, a Bell 306 Air Ranger, to fly the 161 km into the park and try to reach the stranded climbers. Veteran mountain pilot Ken Eiland succeeded in easing the helicopter above its safe limit to drop food and medical supplies to the climbers. Several hours passed before a special, high-altitude chopper—an Alouette-3—equipped with a winch could be flown from Whitehorse to the rescue team at park headquarters in Haines Junction. But by then heavy cloud cover had shrouded the mountain, and it was not until early Wednesday, five days after the tragedy, that clouds

Mount Logan: no right to be rescued

lifted enough for the park rescue team to fly in and lift the climbers safely.

Park Supt. Jim Mayne said that if the Alouette-3 had been on contract to the park this year, as it had been for the past several years, the men could have been rescued the day the distress call went out. Because of budget restraints, Parks Canada opted for saving \$200,000 earlier this year by cancelling the contract for the helicopter with Whitehorse-based Trans North Air.

It is by far the worst accident on the cable-knot mountain, which was first climbed by a Canadian team in 1955 and which now hosts as many as a dozen expeditions a year. Still, only four climbers have died on its fabled slopes and it has been the only climb on the newly created Kluane National Park in 1972.

Last week's drama has also raised questions about the search-and-rescue operations in Canada's national parks. As with all expeditions, the experience and judgement of the Colorado climbers had been minutely inspected by park wardens before they were allowed on the mountain. As it happened, they were an exceptionally competent team. Nevertheless, it is estimated that the rescue will cost between \$100,000 and \$120,000 and, as in the past, Parks Canada will foot the bill. Climbers rescued by Swiss authorities are routinely charged for the expenses of their rescuers, and the British Mountaineering Council (MCC) offers a cheap rescue insurance policy for its steep-mountaineering members. Al Davidson, southwest deputy minister for Parks Canada, indicates that the practice of providing free assistance to stranded climbers and hikers is now under review. Options being considered include the posting of a pre-expedition rescue bond or requiring proof that the team is carrying resources as the past model.

Swiss climbers, however, believe in the principle of self-rescue, and, ironically, officials of the Colorado climbers disagree with the idea of having a high-altitude Alouette-3 permanently on call at Kluane. "That's ludicrous," says Doug Johnston. "Why should they sit at a helicopter [at the park] just for nothing that happens every six years?" Adds Ken Nolan, "We had no right to expect to be rescued." To back up their conviction, they offered to pay the \$1,300 cost of ferrying the four survivors from the mountain to Haines Junction. As for the self-rescue team, some high on the north face of Logan, inclement snow conditions make any thought of recovering their bodies unthinkable, and the mountain will hold on to them for a little longer.

—THOMAS HOPKINS, with Richard Lawrence in Whitehorse.

SASKATCHEWAN

Legal clout without a trial

At the time, the letter from a group calling itself the Hospital Abortion Committee seemed to be just another tactical move in the endless fight against legal abortion by the pro-life movement. Still, its allegation that Moose Jaw Union Hospital was breaking the law every time it approved an abortion worried the hospital's 23-member board. Then, on the advice of its lawyers, the board reluctantly took the safe route and, to the satisfaction of the concern committee, suspended its therapeutic abortion board until the legal clouds cleared.

That was seven months ago, and the confusion never let up, without the committee's legal argument having been tested in any court, the pro-lifers were last week preparing to launch a similar campaign against Victoria Union Hospital in Prince Albert, Sask. There was a possibility, as well, of taking on 14 other hospitals across Canada. And in British Columbia another group sharpened a different legal lance to attack the therapeutic abortion law.

The crux of the concern committee's legal challenge is Section 283 of the Criminal Code, which states that only accredited hospitals, or those approved by the provincial ministers of health, can perform therapeutic abortions. The committee's letter, signed by Moose Jaw housewife's Rosemary Brown, argued that Union Hospital was not properly accredited under Subsection 6, which states that a hospital must offer "diagnostic services and medical, surgical and obstetrical treatment" before it can perform abortions. At times the objection was that down in 1967 when it was consolidated services with Providence

Hospital—a Catholic institution that does not perform abortions.

Says union administrator William Rickett: "Our solicitor agreed we were probably contrary to the Criminal Code and suggested we discontinue abortions." When the provincial attorney general could not give a definite opinion, the hospital board asked then Minister of Health Herman Radtke to approve the hospital for abortions. Hoping to get clarification from the federal government, Radtke sent a letter on April 25 to Justice Minister Jean Chrétien, just four days before Saskatchewan's 30th general election. By the end of last week the new Conservative health minister, Graham Taylor, was still waiting for Ottawa's reply. But it is unlikely that the Tory government will move quickly to reinstate Union's abortion privileges. Both Taylor and Premier Scott Dennis are avowed pro-lifers.

At the same time, people who believe women should be allowed to choose whether or not they want an abortion are urging Taylor to approve the hospital. "Our finding is that abortion should be removed from the Criminal Code entirely," says Martha Tracey, a spokeswoman for Offspring for Reproductive Rights, a group formed to get the hospital's abortion committee functioning again. "Why should women in Moose Jaw be denied the right to abortion that women have in Regina?" adds Tracey.

The hospital used to account for about 80 of the 2,000 abortions performed in Saskatchewan each year, now, about two Moose Jaw women a week make the 72-km trek east to Regina General Hospital for therapeutic abortions. Tracey is supported by Dr.



Tracey: Regina, yes, Moose Jaw, no

David Azaria, a Moose Jaw "natural medicine specialist who was chairman of the Union therapeutic abortion committee for five years. "The people who have raised the issue to be investigated are not large in numbers but they are intimidating," says Azaria. "They are quite militant, and what they're doing is make you feel as if you're acting outside the law when, in fact, the law has allowed us to take criminal abortions out of the picture."

Meanwhile in British Columbia—which has the highest abortion rate in the country, as well as a very active pro-life lobby—anti-abortionists have devised still another legal ploy to reverse their cause. Last month two pro-life members of the board of directors at Lakes City Hospital in North Vancouver launched proceedings in Federal Court to dissolve their hospital's abortion committee. According to the Criminal Code, abortions are permitted only if the pregnancy is likely to "endanger [the mother's] life or health." And the two directors, George Carruthers and Michael Whelan, charge that Lakes City is applying the "endanger life" criterion in a concept of health, which is "a state of complete physical, mental and social well-being," an all-encompassing concept they claim is not recognized in Canadian law.

The B.C. pro-lifers' earlier battles to stop abortions by seeking control of several hospital boards have not been notably successful. It remains to be seen whether the threat of legal action can have the same effect at Lakes City as it has at Union Hospital in Moose Jaw.

—DAVID BROWN in Moose Jaw



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Israel closes the ring in Beirut

In Sidon, on Lebanon's coast, 200 corpses were found buried beneath the rubble of bombed buildings. In nearby Tyre, too, a single building remained intact. And by the end of last week, fears of yet further Israeli attacks sent streams of refugees pouring out of besieged West Beirut. But even as the toll of bombings and wounded mounted, the Israeli army blocked an emergency Red Cross supply, carrying 10 tons of relief supplies, from landing on the Lebanese coast—a move that angered Red Cross officials in Beirut. As the besieged Palestine Liberation Organization rejected a call to surrender their arms and Israeli troops massed on the outskirts of Beirut, there seemed little hope of auring a final showdown in Beirut.

As Israel's lightning thrust into Lebanon moved into its second week, the full extent of Jerusalem's aims became increasingly clear. With most of the south of Lebanon and the coast below Beirut under Israeli control, Israeli forces were in the key Beirut suburb of Bashrah. Not only did that place Israeli tanks and armored personnel carriers virtually at the front door of Lebanese President Elias Sarkis' palace, but it gave them control of the crucial highway linking Damascus and Beirut. The drive also trapped 5,000 Palestinian guerrillas in western Beirut, where they had either a supply route in one escape route out.

Blocked on all sides by Israeli forces—the army to the west, troops to the south and Israeli-supporting Christian Palestinians to the north—the Palestinians and their leftist Muslim supporters were trapped in a tight grip in the Muslim section of the divided capital.

An Israeli tank piled up mounds of red sand to show a possible tank advance, PLO leader Yasser Arafat vowed to fight to the last man. But the Israelis failed to move, perhaps because they feared suffering heavy casualties in the inevitable three street battles that would accompany an assault. A more powerful reason, however, may have been fear alienating U.S. public opinion and losing U.S. support.

For its part, Syria withdrew almost completely from the conflict. Despite a few isolated clashes involving its troops, Damascus seemed content to let the PLO and Lebanon's already battered army absorb most of the pounding from Israeli guns.

The devastation they inflicted was evident everywhere. In the coastal towns, the destruction was particularly

heavy Israeli shelling around Beirut's international airport prevented a Boeing 747 from Switzerland, carrying almost 30 tonnes of medical supplies, from landing.

The Israelis insisted that their military operations were directed strictly against guerrillas, but civilian casualties were also high. In the city of Sidon, Lebanese relief officials discovered 30 corpses—men, women and children grouped together in families—buried beneath a bombed school and an apartment building. The Israelis disputed the total number of civilian casualties in the towns—their estimate was 400 dead, the Lebanese said 500. Still, it was evident that guerrillas had not been the only victims of Israel's saturation bombing. Fears of just how high the civilian toll might be were increased by the occupying forces' refusal to let journalists investigate the damage freely. While Israeli troops recently escorted reporters through selected Christian areas, where some civilians said they were pleased by the invasion, Jews were completely barred the press from visiting a Palestinian refugee camp on the outskirts.

Those who survived faced a new danger: the round-up of suspected PLO activists. One Norwegian nurse at the Palestinian Red Crescent Hospital in Sidon reported that her husband, a Norwegian social worker, had been arrested along with almost all the doctors at the hospital, including a Canadian. That action, she said, left one doctor to care for 50 patients, many of whom were badly injured. There were other indications of the arbitrary nature of the Israeli arrest. In Sidon, thousands of young men were forced to file past an Israeli jeep while three hooded soldiers looked at or shook their heads. Those who received a nod from their unknown seizers were taken away for interrogation, while horrified relatives looked on helplessly.

In Beirut, where street violence has been commonplace since the Lebanese civil war erupted between Muslims and Christians in 1975, the situation has grown dramatically worse in the past few weeks. In the prosperous Christian

section of East Beirut life goes on much as before, but the Muslim western end of the city, where the Palestinians were concentrated, has become a virtual ghost town. Refugees moved into abandoned buildings, dozens of heavily armed Palestinian roam the streets and huge piles of uncollected garbage rot in the hot sun. At the same time, hospitals are desperately overcrowded after the heavy Israeli bombardment of the refugee camps on the city's southern outskirts.

The wounded lie on stretchers in corridors and in neighboring buildings, while hospital personnel are afraid to risk leaving their homes to go to work.

As the Israeli army intensively pursued the goals set by Defense Minister Ariel Sharon and Prime Minister Meir-

Zeon, the Soviets called for an Israeli withdrawal. The UN Security Council, several European countries and a number of Arab states supported Moscow's position. In Saudi Arabia, King Fahd, who succeeded to the throne earlier this month after the death of his brother, King Khalid, advised visiting U.S. Vice-President George Bush that if Israel did not pull out the Arab states would act. But he failed to be specific.

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Fleeing Lebanese mother and child in Beirut: the Israeli thrust was aimed at shattering the PLO structure.

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Argentine prisoners helping their guard (left). Hoisting the colors over Port Stanley: the full price has yet to be paid

THE FALKLANDS

Picking up the broken pieces

The tone was familiar—and encouraging. In a defiant note to the UN Security Council last week, Argentina said Britain in the Falkland Islands will not only show Britain's withdrawal its forces. Even then, the message added, the dispute over the islands' future must be resolved through negotiations in a UN framework. But with the government in Buenos Aires in disarray, winter closing in and Britain determined to hold 1,000 higher-ranking prisoners until hostilities cease, the threat to an victorious task force seemed limited. The junta, temporarily replaced President Leopoldo Galtieri, with Interior Minister Alfredo Sarrazin as head of state. But he was fully occupied with simply clinging to power while the armed forces settled on a permanent candidate for the post.

Galtieri's overthrow, after six brief months in power, came near the end of a disastrous week for Buenos Aires. As news of a Falklands ceasefire—the Argentine public was not told of the surrender—reached the mainland, a rally called by Galtieri himself turned into a bitter demonstration against the junta. The riot was ruthlessly dispersed, but that only fueled popular indignation. There, an angry mob roared against the

junta's political oppression, as well as its military ineptitude, army and navy leaders held separate closed-door meetings to discuss possible solutions. After seven hours of deliberation they issued their verdict: Galtieri must go. His role as army chief was assumed by Maj-Gen. Cristino Nicolaides. For his part, Galtieri, who had earlier pledged to wage "permanent war" on Britain until the Falklands issue was settled in Argentina's favor, was unrepentant. He declared that the army had forced him from office, and he added: "I've met the kind of guy who abandons ship in the middle of a storm."

But it was the popular belief that he had indeed abandoned his responsibility that made his departure inevitable. The junta and the public needed a scapegoat—and Galtieri, the man who had presided over Argentina's humiliation, was the obvious candidate. His departure also enabled the new leaders to make decisions on such pressing issues as how to respond to Britain's suggestion of an end to hostilities and how to bring home safely the 11,943 Argentine prisoners. Within hours of Galtieri's dismissal, arrangements were completed for repatriation through the offices of the International Red Cross. The deflation in Buenos Aires was



in marked contrast to the mood in London, where Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's fortress soared while those of Labour Opposition Leader Michael Foot slumped. A Gallup poll published last week showed the Conservatives standing at 48 per cent, the highest since the party took power three years ago. But the celebratory mood seemed destined to fade as the darkest side of the conflict surfaced.

As inquest into Britain's failure to anticipate the invasion is now pending, and the full price tag—both economic and diplomatic—for the adventure has still to be paid. The final cost of reuniting the barren islands with their 1,350 residents and 400,000 sheep is likely to be at least \$1 billion.

Still, the toll in lives for a British force, outnumbered almost two to one, was remarkably low at 250. And the final assault on Port Stanley followed the trend, with only 33 British troops killed. The loss-overlaid more legitimate. Few 11 Crack commandos and paratroopers, except demoralized Argentine forces from the protective hills and mountains west of the capital. Three days later, British troops, cold, wet and exhausted, prepared to push on the outskirts of town before making a final assault on the so-called "Galtieri Line," a well-entrenched and defended position. To their surprise, Argentine troops suddenly dropped from their trenches, threw down their weapons and ran from the Gurkhas and paratroopers.

That evening Maj-Gen Jeremy Moore, British land forces commander, relayed his historic message back to London. Moore was accompanied by Argentine governor, Maj-Gen Mario Menéndez, had surrendered all his forces "together with their impedimenta." The Falkland Islands are once more under the government desired by their inhabitants. God save the Queen.

After the victory, the Falklands was enveloped by a fog of a different sort as tales of derring-do, previously spread by the censors, filled the air. Among the heroes: Prince Andrew, whose helicopter is reported to have landed as a drop for the deadly Argentine Rocket missiles. The first reports on the conduct of Menéndez' ongoing

troops suggested that while the officers behaved well, the lower ranks intimidated the islanders and looted and destroyed some of their property. Said Rennie Williams, 31, head gardener at Government House: "We don't want to see, hear or smell any more Argentines in this colony—not even as tourists."

Nor will they have to if Margaret Thatcher has her say. Thatcher, who apparently failed to have support from the United States with visions of a strategic base in the South Atlantic, seems prepared to defend Britain's position on the islands without help. Plans are under way to reinforce a British administration under the joint control of Moore and former governor Rex Hunt, who is awaiting the go-ahead to return as civil

commissioner. Also hoping to resume their interrupted lives these Falklanders who left the islands.

To that end, reinforcements are on the way. The Falkland Office in London last week sifted through roughly 600 requests from Britain, Canada and New Zealanders who want to emigrate to the Falklands. But as the governor in Buenos Aires play military medical chairs and returning prisoners bring the reality of their humiliation home to an already vengeful Argentine public, each back-to-normal dream may prove ephemeral.

—GILLIAN MACKEY in Buenos Aires, Carol Kennedy in London, Scott Lewis in Buenos Aires and William Leach in Washington.

Spain, Britain and the Rock

Half a world away from the Falklands, another side of the British Empire was nervously looking forward this week to a historic event. On June 26 Spain is scheduled to sign its frontier with Gibraltar, ending a 13-year blockade started by Gen Francisco Franco in an attempt to recover the 251-square-mile peninsula seized by Britain in 1704. At the border, customs and immigration installations are ready for the opening. Still, there were doubts about Madrid's real intentions. The Spanish, Francisco Macarro said last week that in principle the frontier would open. But it would not provide any definite assurance. Nor would it confirm that Foreign Minister José Paredes-Llana, might eventually meet his British counterpart, Francis Pym, near Lisbon, to begin talks on a transfer of sovereignty.

Fearing a British nationalist backlash over the Falklands crisis, Spain sought London's agreement in April to postpone both the opening of the frontier and the foreign ministers' talks for two months. Events since have hardly complicated matters, particularly with Spain backing Argentina's Falklands claims. A further irritant has been the fact that Gibraltar was the port of departure for part of the British fleet force.

Even if the frontier opening goes ahead, it is unlikely to happen without incident, and civil guard reinforcements were standing by. Two insurgent commando groups—the "General Belduga," named after the Argentine cruiser sunk by the British, and "Gibraltar Feroch"—were reported to have been formed to stir up anti-British feeling during the recent World Cup last week. The British government has denied that had brought Spanish football fans



The British enclave of Gibraltar fears of a backlash over the Falklands

to Málaga, in southern Spain. "This will be an anti-British occasion," said a telephone caller to the Madrid daily *El País*, threatening more such attacks.

Spain's entry last week into such a position further problems over the role of Gibraltar's naval base. Madrid wants NATO to form a fourth command zone for Spanish territory—including Gibraltar and also Ceuta and Melilla, two Spanish enclaves on the North African coast that are now claimed by Morocco. Spain hopes that NATO protection will deter Morocco's King Hassan from attempting a takeover of the cities. For his part, Foreign Minister Pérez-Llorca says the cities "are Spanish even before the creation of the Spanish or Moroccan nations." But Gibraltar's chief

commander, Sir Joshua Hussey, is firmly opposed to the proposal. To the 19,000 permanent inhabitants of Gibraltar, who are staunchly pro-British, that represents a Spanish double standard.

The problem is encapsulated in the naming of the highway that links Gibraltar with La Línea, the nearest town in Spain. On the Spanish side it was renamed Avenida 20 de abril to mark the opening date of the recently set. And again La Línea's mayor, Juan Carreras, "We are keeping the name because that date represents a great hope for the people here." On the Gibraltar side, the road is called Winston Churchill Avenue. Nobody plans to change that name either—for the moment.

—DAVID BAIRD in Málaga.



The MPM's director (left), Ramgoolam no longer the old man is a country of youth

MAURITIUS

An elder statesman exits

For 22 years, as leader of the island nation of Mauritius, Sir Seewoosagar Ramgoolam, 82, displayed a shrewd grasp of political reality. Last week was no exception. Before all the bullets were counted in the island's general election he had packed his bags. The early signals were clear: The venerable leader of the tiny Indian Ocean country was facing a heartbreaking defeat. The indications were accurate. When the final tally was completed, the prime minister's Labor Party had failed to win a seat in the 76-member parliament. The socialist opposition, Movement Militant Mauricien (mmm), took 60 seats and 66 per cent of the vote.

The result was also a harbinger of change for U.S. political consultant Joe Napolitano. The creator of Herbert Hoover's 1968 campaign, Napolitano had been retained by Ramgoolam's party amid opposition allegations that he and his aides were being paid by the CIA. As the threat of defeat loomed, Napolitano left hastily for Honolulu, with the rest of his team flying to the nearby French island of Reunion to watch the debate. Replied Paul Bremer, 50, the state's secretary-general: "We should smile the CIA in every time we have an election."

The specter of the agency was raised all through the campaign in connection with one of the key issues: the future of the strategic atoll of Diego Garcia, which the MPM claims is Mauritian territory. Before independence in 1968, Mauritius and Diego Garcia were both administered by Britain. Since then Britain has leased the atoll to the United States, which uses it as its major Indian Ocean naval base. Now, the MPM

wants to evict U.S. forces and institute an one-mile nuclear-free zone.

But Ramgoolam's insistence that the island is an integral part of the Western Alliance's defense was not the only, or even the principal, reason for his defeat. That was primarily due to economic problems—Mauritius depends on currently depressed sugar prices for most of its income. Ramgoolam also had difficulty overcoming his image as an old man in a youthful country—48 per cent of Mauritians are under 20. The people evidently felt that he could no longer identify with their problems.

Still, the outgoing leader can take credit for one important aspect of the election. It was the first time that any member state of the Organization of African Unity had changed its government via the ballot box. In fact, Ramgoolam nurtured such a strong tradition of multiparty democracy that no fewer than 21 groups contested the election, ventilating issues in 36 different newspapers. Mauritius, founded 1500 on the site of Madagascar, has one of the most mixed populations of any country. It includes Hindus, Muslims, Creoles, Franco-Mauritians and Chinese. The victorious MPM started out as a Modern infantry party under Ramgoolam, a francophone, and an ethnic Indian, Amerind Jaganath, who will become premier.

With Brezinger he will have the difficult task of deciding whether to try to divert Mauritians from their economic wars with a Falklands-style adventure on Diego Garcia. A more long-term question is how well Ramgoolam's successor will maintain one of the Third World's few functioning democracies.

—ALLISTER SPARKS in Port Louis

UNITED STATES

A tense truce in the budget battle

If there is anything more frustrating or frustrating than the federal budget process, Washington has not yet invented it. The present stalemate, now in its fifth month, is like one of those games in which, for every two steps forward, participants must take one step back. There is progress and, eventually, a resolution. But it is not a system designed to satisfy the impatient.

Last week, however, Congress registered a significant advance, as a joint House-Senate conference committee finally agreed on a ceiling for the fiscal 1983 budget (\$770 billion) and a dollar for the federal debt (\$303.3 billion). Agreement on any aspect of the president's economic program has become so elusive that this budget compromise—between earlier House and Senate versions—produced a mood touching briefly on euphoria. Afterward the corridors of Congress resounded with self-congratulation.

But the jubilation is not likely to last. For one thing, dozens of congressional committees must now address the daunting task of making the arbitrary agreement real. Over the next two weeks House and Senate panels must fix actual spending limits for welfare, defense, foreign aid and other programs that somehow hit the imposed targets. And, as in election years, politicians frequently aim to move. Liberals do not want to cut the social services by selling off massive cuts in food stamps, and conservatives would rather not face voters' use for having shouldered the Portage's weapons-procurement shopping list. And Frank Rosten, D-N.C., ranking Democrat on the Senate budget committee: "This budget will be adopted by both houses, but then you can't get the votes for these kind of spending cuts."

Moreover, to reach the projected deficit, the conference approved a tax increase of \$95 billion during the next three years—\$20 billion in fiscal 1983 alone. But that goal, too, is more realistic. Campaigns for re-election are seldom enhanced by increased taxation.

The budget itself is an amalgam of uncoordinated goals: revenue and spending, based on elaborate guesses as to what rates of interest and inflation will be. The numbers agreed to last week reflect the administration's optimism that the economy will end next year, interest rates fall, tax revenues rise and inflation remain in check. But economists forecasting has not been the president's

strong suit. His original budget posted a deficit of \$91.5 billion, which quickly ballooned to \$130 billion as the recession deepened. Now most members of Congress would concede with Helms that last week's estimates are also "made out of whole cloth."

The president's advisors continue to insist that the parlous recession is finally "bottoming out" and recovery is imminent. But economic signals remain decidedly mixed. While new housing starts surged last month, factory output plunged to a seven-year low. At the same time, not even the administration's economic experts are sanguine any longer about the strength of the recovery. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan is now suggesting that interest rates might fall only to 14 per cent, slowing the economy's upturn. And some forecasters fear that if rates do not drop soon, and dramatically, many major companies will be squeezed into bankruptcy. Not long ago Regan was confidently predicting that the U.S. economy would move "youing back" this spring. Last week, meeting with

(Rep.-N.H.) "I think the Republicans have solved their squabble." But if Wall Street's money managers were impressed by the Republican show of unity, or by its results, they did not show it. Bugged by interest rates, the U.S. dollar soared to new highs in the currency exchanges, while the Dow Jones index dipped to a 26-month low.

It now seems that even the budget compromise will not persuade the markets that deficits and inflation have been finally reined in. And that leaves Reagan with few options, none of them palatable. He can restrict neither his

tax cuts nor his defense buildup without undermining his own credibility. He cannot pressure the Federal Reserve to loosen the money supply without raising a new round of inflation and still higher rates. And he cannot seek further cuts in entitlement programs without inviting massive public protest and social unrest. Bush insisted last week that things will eventually improve—"the good Lord will" and the crack-dont-quit. A little prayer and a little luck are about the only remedies that have not been tried.

—MICHAEL FORSTER in Washington

Bogged by interest rates, the U.S. dollar soared to new highs while the Dow Jones dipped to new lows

Canadian journalists, trade representative Bill Brock sought the comfort, much less buoyant, interest rates. "We're beginning to see the seeds of a good recovery this fall," he declared.

Economists seem unable to explain the persistence of high interest rates. Money is tight, inflation is half as high as it was a year ago, but prime rates have not fallen below 16 per cent. "It's a psychological thing," Brock said. "It has no economic logic at all."

The administration has been hoping that last week's budget resolution would restore the faith of the financial markets. Not only had the deficit been slashed to almost \$100 billion—at least on paper—but spending deficits for the next years are also projected to run much lower: \$103 billion in 1984, about \$60 billion in fiscal 1985. Despite objections from the so-called Gypsy Moths—moderate Republicans, mostly from the recession-rife industrial northeast—congressional conferees were able to consent to huge cuts in Medicare, Medicaid, child nutrition and other entitlement programs. Despite protests from conservatives, the committee trimmed \$5 billion from the defense budget. "I want to report," said Senate budget committee Chairman Dan Rostenko

Caught in a trap of his own design

The undermanned career of former CIA agent William P. Wilson came to an end last week in the first night of a New York City courtroom. His testimony help discredited his pinstriped suit crumpled. Wilson, 53, was charged with training Libyan terrorists and setting explosives to kill Mouammar Khadafi for use in assassination attempts. Other indictments involving hit men and illegal arms deals are expected to be added down in the months ahead. But he was set at a staggering \$10 million after federal prosecutor J. Lawrence Borelli described Wilson as "very intelligent and very resourceful with tremendous access to wealth."

Wilson learned his trade as a fixer of clandestine commercial deals for the CIA and the Office of Naval Intelligence. He was so good at his job that he became a star among spies. But after 25 years in the service, Wilson quit in 1976 to go into business for himself. He is alleged to have sold huge quantities of explosives to Uganda's Idi Amin. As well as to Khadafi, with some of the material custom-made by a Canadian company. Wilson was also believed to have operated a terrorism school near Tripoli, educating students in the art of exploding buildings, assassinating killing and kidnapping in disguise.

But after six years in exile, Wilson fell prey to the type of trick he himself used to practice. Borelli and an unhappy wife in Libya, he allowed CIA contacts in Tripoli to convince him that he would find a safe haven and new opportunities for arms-dealing in the Democratic Republic. But when he flew there, Democratic officials handcuffed him onto an aircraft for a midnight flight into custody at New York's Kennedy airport.

Wilson's lawyers will likely base their defense on an attack on the legitimacy of his arrest. In that, the attorneys will have at least one famous precedent: British Irish rubber baron Philip Kilgobbin. In 1944, he was arrested in Barbados, was set free when a court there ruled that he had been held illegally. However, Canadian businessman Sidney Jaffe, pulled off the streets of Toronto to face land-trust charges in Florida, is now serving a 38-year sentence.

Wilson's best hope of early freedom was his tie in the secret he has garnered in the course of his checkered career. The justice department, faced with the possibility of Wilson changing many CIA secrets during his trial, might settle for a two-way deal: a short sentence in return for a guilty plea.

—WILLIAM LUTHER in Washington.



Swaziland's King Sobhuza II: his claim is disputed

SOUTH AFRICA

Wooing a neighbor

On the face of it, the offer was a generous one. The South African government of Prime Minister P.W. Botha said last week that it would give two disputed pieces of its territory to the adjacent black kingdom of Swaziland. The additions will increase Swaziland's size by a third, almost triple its population of 100,000 and give it the access to the sea it has sought for years.

But while Swaziland's 58-year-old King Sobhuza II welcomed the deal, his tormented subjects had claim to the land. And while the transfer offered strategic and diplomatic gains to Pretoria, it also aroused furious opposition from the area's black inhabitants and from white Afrikaner supporters of the government.

The territory to be ceded will be carved from two of the 10 black "homelands" that Pretoria is setting up to bolster its racial segregation policies. Swaziland will get all the homeland of KwaNgwenya and the northern part, known as Ngwenya, of KwaZulu. The gift will ease a situation that has embarrassed the South African government, both KwaNgwenya, the Swazi tribal homeland, and KwaZulu, set aside for the country's five million Zulus, have

said they do not want homelands status. And KwaZulu's leader, Chief Buthelezi, is a stern critic of apartheid.

Not only that, but there is a strong case for Pretoria. Swaziland lies between South Africa and Marxist Mozambique, home for guerrilla elements of the African National Congress (ANC), the underground South African black nationalist organization. In the past ANC officials and refugees could count on a sympathetic hearing from King Sobhuza—and the guerrillas had unrestricted passage to the South African border. But the Swazis' attitude to the ANC has cooled since the possibility of the gift of land was first raised and restrictions on ANC activities may now be imposed.

South Africa also stands to make further diplomatic gains from the transfer. For one thing, as a member of the deep division of African Unity (OAU), Swaziland is pledged to fight

apartheid. But in accepting the new territory it is actually aiding its implementation. For another, the OAU takes the position that African homelands should not be redrawn to consolidate tribes for fear of starting a chain of border disputes throughout the continent—and that principle is clearly being violated by the South African gesture. The territorial transfer will pose a dilemma for Western nations, too. They have refused, in the past, to accept the homeland strategy, but they may be forced to recognize a land transfer between two sovereign states.

In the long term the deal may not prove to be as beneficial to Botha as it seems, especially at home. KwaNgwenya forms part of eastern Transvaal, the heartland of Afrikaans and of support for his National Party. Now local whites are enraged at what may be considered a dangerous precedent, the disposal of South African territory to a black nation. Their bitterness may only fuel the right-wing backlash against Botha's limited attempts to reform apartheid—a grievance that has already caused a recent in-party rift and the defection of 17 MPs to an even more radical splinter group.

—ALLISTER SPARKS in Johannesburg.



Offshore economies, like the oil and gas industry, are being developed south of the Superfund Project in southern Alberta.

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The global peace crusade

By Jane O'Hara

With the steady drumbeat of international conflicts as a customary backdrop, a stream of world leaders, diplomats and statesmen trooped through the conference General Assembly Hall at the United Nations last week to focus global attention on their hopes for peace. It was week 2 of the UN Special Session on Disarmament, and the polished actors reading from prepared scripts, each leader took a star turn on the international stage. Not unexpectedly, each embraced the concept of disarmament as the motherhood issue of the day. But by week's end, after more than 90 speeches, only one thing was certain: compared with the \$550 billion that the world will spend on conventional, chem-

ical and nuclear arms this year, talk at the UN will be cheap.

If the resounded rhetoric of the assembly hall at times seemed out of step with the immediacy of the nuclear peril, outside UN headquarters the vibrant voices of impatient protesters clamored for action. At the beginning of the week, when West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt was speaking, nearly 2,500 demonstrators marched through the streets, blocking the missions of the five nuclear powers. After a replay of 1980s sit-down protests, 5,000 police in riot gear used a combination of hospital stretchers and persuasion to take almost 1,800 of the protesters to jail. Later in the week, when Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, President Ronald Reagan and Prime Minis-



ter Pierre Trudeau arrived in New York for their appearances, security was tightened again.

More than 1,000 New York City cops stood by passively when a small group of protesters waving a FREED REAGAN banner turned up on Thursday during the president's speech to the assembly. Begin's major worry was not how to keep protesters away, but how to make them stay. When he appeared on the UN platform and delivered a treat as the need to "take aggressive war" while maintaining "self-defense," the assembly hall clapped. Delegates from the Arab States, many Third World nations and the Soviet delegates led the massive walkout.

While most speakers, including Reagan, were recorded on public address from

tended that the Soviets were willing to hunt or bar any weapon as long as the United States did so as well. He also submitted a draft treaty banning chemical weapons.

U.S. reaction to the Soviet speech was swift, and in following Prime Minister Trudeau, in his address Friday, also expressed doubt about the Soviet promise, saying that it did not go to the "heart of the matter." Said Trudeau: "The real problem is how to break the arms spiral."

And Reagan added fuel to the anti-Soviet fire as well when he spoke. The president openly scoffed at the supposed Soviet sincerity. He railed off a laundry list of Moscow's imperialist adventures and accused the Krenedins of practicing "bribery" and "aggression."



Anti-nuclear demonstrators at the UN (left) and the daily marchers, Trudeau addressing the General Assembly. Words and words were being sought.

the 137-member body, Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko drew a spontaneous round of mid-speech. Reading a 19-minute statement from his chair, Leonid Brezhnev, who staged in Moscow, Gromyko announced that the U.S.S.R. will not be the first to use nuclear weapons in war. That unilateral declaration was unexpected, although the Soviets have long sought a joint agreement with Washington on a no-first-strike commitment. "If the other nuclear powers assumed an equal obligation," said a spokesman at Gromyko, "that would be tantamount to a ban on the use of nuclear weapons." Then Gromyko dropped his bombshell. He attacked the United States and other NATO countries, saying that they were systematically trying to upset the present balance of forces between the superpowers in order to gain military superiority over the U.S.S.R. That said, Gromyko then out-

staged the world. He also chastised Moscow for breaking international accords from the Yalta agreements after the Second World War to international pacts prohibiting the use of chemical and toxic weapons. Reagan warned the Soviets: "We need deeds, not words, to coexist as of Soviet sincerity."

In two weeks, the special session will end its debate. More than 100 speakers will have been heard, testing everything from forces through arms limitation and reduction to total disarmament. Last week's verbal showdown between the superpowers indicated that both Washington and the Soviets are under pressure to negotiate. The most that could be hoped was that the 1982 special session will hear more fruit than its predecessor in 1975. All that meeting produced was a massive record of debating words and a life-threatening weapons buildup to match. ☐



Canadians marching in New York rally; a Lance missile in right. 'Years and concerns for the future of all mankind'

The power and the futility of nuclear weapons

By John Hay

Across the Western World, in wooded suburban and in mass marches, a spirited and popular outcry has arisen against the horrors of the hydrogen bomb. It is a movement that compels notice as mark by its individual acts as by its mass numbers. On the Quebec-Vermont border, a 42-year-old mother latches up her backpack and walks down the road to New York City for a huge demonstration against the arms race. On the banks of the Rhine at Bonn, 250,000 march for disarmament as the leaders of the NATO alliance gather for their summit. In Japan some 30 million people sign a petition against nuclear weapons and send it to the United Nations. In Saskatoon, no less movingly, 56 parents and grandparents send a formal petition to the House of Commons: "Your politicians hungrily grab and sell upon members of Parliament to express their fears and con-

cerns for the future of all mankind." The movement springs from origins as different as the languages it speaks, but it is united in one fear: the menace of global catastrophe.

The antinuclear movement has been a political force in Japan for many years, forged in the searing memories of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It suddenly flourished in Europe last summer, then spread across Canada and the United States with astonishing speed. By the time the UN opened its special session on disarmament this month, no politician could ignore the issue. Presidents and prime ministers have around the world—Pierre Trudeau among them last week—have been lining up for their turns at the podium. Says Edmontons Mr. and Mrs. James control advocates Doug Roche: "The experts have lost control of this issue to the public will."

Whatever the political impact, the antinuclear movement is no mere mimic of protest post—and is not so

easily manufactured. The hundreds of the '50s marched in tweed and drank Chianti, while the antinuclear activists of the '60s wore sarong and smoked heavy cigarettes. But the arms control movement, now swelling across North America from Japan and Europe, is broadly based, middle class, non-partisan and polite. Its leaders and participants have emerged from student choirs, women's groups, doctors, union organizers, mayors and—most remarkably—from among people who have never been politically active before.

It will take more than demonstrations and street theatre to end the arms race. Ranged against the disarmers are an estimated 50,000 nuclear weapons deployed around the world. The United States and the Soviet Union themselves probably have the power to eradicate human life on the planet. Armed with their submarines, bombers and missiles, each superpower could utterly destroy the other even after suffering a massive attack itself. A single U.S. submarine commander, if he aims well, could fire enough warheads to kill 30 million Russians. As if that prospect were not terrifying enough in itself, the world is spending \$250 billion a year to make still more weapons of war.

It is no coincidence that people on three continents have become convinced about a superpower war since the inauguration in the United States of the conservative Ronald Reagan last year. As Pierre Trudeau told a congressional subcommittee at Indiana's Notre Dame University in May: "The mood of confrontation that exists today has given rise to an unprecedented level of public anxiety. Our fears are rooted in the perception that both sides may be prepared to contemplate using the ultimate weapon in order to achieve pre-eminence." Just as worrying is the new Soviet studies in Europe, and Trudeau, are official U.S. references to the "war-worthiness" of nuclear war and to "deterrence by escalation."

Whether or not such talk has scared the Soviets, it has certainly frightened millions in the West—not least in the United States itself. Local petitions, state referendums and demonstrations drawing hundreds of thousands have fanned from Maine to California. The notion of a nuclear freeze—if little understood—has struck an appealing emotional chord. Says stage-songwriter James Taylor: "I'm loath to talk about things I don't know about, but I know something about not wanting my home blown off the face of the earth."

In California 700,000 signatures have been gathered (twice the number needed) to put the freeze proposal on the ballot for the state's November election. That campaign is led now by some woefully-misguided Berkeley students but by an impressively reputable group of business leaders—as among them, a retired president of Mitta Maffer, Gordon Sherman. In proof of its mainstream political embrace of the freeze movement, it is now being led by senators Edward Kennedy, a liberal Democrat, and Mark Hatfield, a moderate Republican.

Among the scores of old and new organizations opposing nuclear war in Canada, the second largest is the national referendum on disarmament. The admittedly methodical question simply asks whether the voter supports the goal of disarmament and "mandates" the government to negotiate as necessary "without delay with other countries." The referendum scheme, however, is not fully supported by all mainstream peace organizations. The United Nations Association, for one, has not endorsed it—many members consider the local ballot simplistic and pointless.

In Europe, where the popular peace movement burst into life last year with mammoth demonstrations, it is now showing the wear and tear of time and politics. Some of the momentum of the movement has been dissipated by Reagan's latest peace offerings to Moscow, which some European political leaders believe



were prompted by the force of the movement itself. The European drive has also been hurt by the Soviet-directed crackdown in Poland. The pacifist, religious and ideological wings—which loudly denounced the Polish repression—have been separated from the pro-Communist ranks, which shed few tears over the events in Warsaw.

The arms control campaign are already affecting some governments, even Reagan can no longer discuss the issue (page 38). But the impact of any protest will be slight and slow, simply because of the intransigent complexities of nuclear deterrence.

In truth, the protesters' main achievement so far has been to cast some light on the dark woods, paradoxes and logical switchbacks in the fearful strategies of deterrence. For many people, the sudden sense of being an intended nuclear war casualty has triggered some doubts about the often pompous and obscure pronouncements of politicians and generals over the past 37 years of the nuclear age. Indeed, the present strategy of deterrence is shadowed slightly under the weight of its own contradictions.

The central threat of nuclear deterrence is that to prevent aggression (either as a result of an enemy must be convinced that he would face retaliation with a weapon that he considers as horrible that no gain from an aggression would be worth the cost. But the enemy, of course, also has nuclear weapons with which to retaliate against us. And we, no less than the enemy, believe that nuclear weapons are as horrible that no gain is worth the cost of suffering a nuclear attack. On the surface, that reasoning leads to a standoff: each side has the power to inflict unacceptable damage on the other.

The crippling contradiction, however, is that the strategy requires each side to believe unthinkingly that nuclear weapons are not and cannot be used—that they can be used in case of attack but cannot be used because no result to worth the cost. And that implies that both generations Reagan and Brezhnev are supposed to believe that nuclear weapons are too horrible to use in war but also to use them anyway. Not for nothing is this strategy called MAD—for mutual assured destruction.

If the use of nuclear weapons by either side leads to its own destruction as a recognizable society, those arms must have pointed to a war—a nation that has not been lost as even some Pentagon thinkers over the years. Says George F. Kennan, a former U.S. ambassador to Moscow and eminent scholar on such matters: "To my mind, the entire basis of the most modern weapons ever invented. It can be employed to no rational purpose. It is not even an effective deterrent against itself."

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The most paradox—the threat and facility of nuclear arms—has bred endless varieties of other consciousness as strategists have tried to keep pace with new developments in weaponry. For one thing, since U.S. strategists nurture their self-defence nuclear war as an obviously self-destructive, Moscow might not believe Washington's threat of a nuclear strike in time of crisis. More persuasive would be a U.S. ability (and willingness) to wage a smaller, limited sort of nuclear war—a mission or two lobbed each way, to limit casualties to a few million deaths. Deterrence—making war less likely—would be enhanced by making nuclear war seem easier and, therefore, more likely.

Given the slippery ground on which deterrence theories rest, leaders on both sides of the superpower conflict are understandably worried about the instability of the strategic balance. As Canada's disarmament ambassador, Arthur Meeson, told Maclean's, weapons on both the East and the West tend to be developed in an "offset cycle." First one side builds a new generation of missiles or bombers or submarines, then the other side reacts with new systems of its own. The arms evolution continues when the first side sees the enemy's attempts to outpace its own existing army, starts still another running cycle. The Soviet Union, as it happens, is just completing a missile-building program. Now NATO is getting up to match the threat.

Facing this anxious cycle of escalation and insecurity, the arms control negotiators propose various solutions. The Kennedy-Bushfield freeze initiative, for one, calls for both the Soviets and the Americans to negotiate a mutual and simultaneous end to all weapons development and deployment. Critics of such a move—including Canadian External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuinness—contend that a freeze now would perpetuate "a superiority for the Warsaw Pact." Proponents counter that, at existing levels of even-kill, nuclear edge hardly exists.

A more telling criticism of the freeze is added by Robert Ford, for 16 years the Canadian ambassador to Moscow and now a consultant to the federal government. Along with top U.S. officials, he argues that a freeze would remove any incentive the Soviets might otherwise have to negotiate real reductions in nuclear armaments. To make this argument convincing, some early evidence will be needed to prove that reductions

can be achieved without a freeze. If governments are themselves impeded by the compulsions of deterrence, Catherine Jin Stark thinks a global referendum is the key to their escape. A minister and former sociology teacher (and sometime polling partner of Cor. Gen. Ed Schreyer), Stark says that the idea struck her while she was communing with herself on an Ontario farm five years ago. Under US suspicion, he says, a referendum held in every country on earth could not lose. Voters, he is sure, would cast their ballots for disarmament, and their governments would not resist the public call for an end to the arms race.

proposed to the UN later this year. But, although more than 100 men from all three parties have endorsed Stark's idea, the Trudeau government itself has taken no official stand on the proposal. The real impact of the referendum has been to force Trudeau, once again, to take up arms control as a matter for his personal diplomacy. But he has had to reconcile two conflicting impulses within his own government. There is, first, Canada's adherence to NATO's rearmament policy—the so-called two-track program the alliance adopted in 1979 to start installing new medium-range missiles in Europe next year while seeking arms talks with Moscow. It is a policy that Trudeau himself endorsed again this month at the NATO summit and that carries great weight in the External Affairs establishment. Arms control seemed a contrary impulse, but one that has moved Trudeau, at least superficially, in the past.

It was in 1976, at the UN's first disarmament session, that he advanced his "strategy of suffocation"—smothering weapons development with an East-West land mine reaching from laboratory experiments to flight tests. The prime minister himself was surprised by the diplomatic splash he made with that speech, and the new public concern with nuclear arms helped him to try an extreme. There was no lack of invitations to take to New York the freeze, the referendum, the notion of no-first-use of nuclear arms. His political opponents, however, were looking for ways to bring the Liberal government into the movement. In the end, however, Trudeau, untired for something much less but with a reprieve of his suffocation strategy. Even Trudeau had admitted weeks earlier that his 1976 proposal had been given grave consideration. Disarmament campaigners were understandably disappointed.

No issue so clearly revealed the government's troubling arms control dilemma as the possible testing of U.S. nuclear weapons in Alaska's Cold Lake region. Just as the referendum campaign was catching fire, news leaked in Washington that Canada was negotiating a framework agreement with the British administration providing for weapons testing in Canada. A subsequent, covering cruise tests, was waiting to be worded. It would, said MacGuinness, be part of Canada's NATO contribution. It would also, said the critics, be Canada's own contribution to the next round of the arms race.

Cruze, a highly accurate, pitilessly designed to test under enemy radar for a nuclear strike, is scheduled for deployment in Europe late next year "in 1979" in the government, have been urging Trudeau to go through with



Ground zero in Hiroshima: rubble, glass and people for one, calls for both the Soviets and the Americans to negotiate a mutual and simultaneous end to all weapons development and deployment.

At External Affairs Stark's idea was considered to be wishful thinking. He deterred, he set up Operation Thunderbolt in a rented Ottawa house and started lobbying his idea into finally spring to life last summer when he suggested a mutual referendum to Ottawa Mayor Murray Dewart. She accepted the proposal, twing her mouth behind it, and then sent off a letter to 1,043 other mayors—in every Canadian municipality with more than 2,000 people.

Within six months 43 local councils have agreed to put the question to a vote in their next elections. Brokeby says have been the largest's ovate that this name is beyond municipal or even provincial jurisdiction (for that presenting the question on a ballot might even nullify a municipal election). Stark wants Trudeau to take the global referendum

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COVER

the cruise tests, against widespread public opposition. Some liberal-minded were predicting that he will agree, partly because he is especially about Canada's rather slight military involvement in NATO forces and partly because it would enhance his standing with Reagan. One Trudeau aide argued that such a posture might increase Canada's limited leverage in Washington on other arms control issues.

Deployment of the cruise and Pershing II missiles in Europe is precisely what provoked the European nuclear disarmament movement. But the Europeans have always been ambivalent about such weapons. As residents of the battlefield, they want the Americans committed by their weapons to Europe's defense, but they dread the nightmare of nuclear explosions in their own towns and cities. The legislation of U.S.-Soviet negotiations on nuclear weapons in Europe has helped NATO governments on the Continent cope with the movement this year.

It would be easy to overestimate the impact of the new arms control demonstration. But it would be just as dangerous to fall back, instead, on the old rant and the old slogans, and to leave the experts to their armageddon algebra of misperception and throw weights. MacGaughey is fond of saying that NATO's deterrence policy has proven successful for more than 30 years. However, it would be that nuclear war has been avoided for other reasons and in spite of nuclear deterrence and the consequent arms race. In any case, as arms control proponents note, the MacGaughey argument bears comparison to the case who falls off a 30-story building and calls out, as he passes the 20th story, "So far, so good."

Nor can it be assumed, however desirable the Soviet system is, that its people or leaders are less averse to nuclear war than those of Western Europe or North America. Nazi armaments stretched to the heart of Russia. Twenty million Russians died in the Second World War, and hardly a family in the Soviet Union cannot count a relative among the dead. While Ronald Reagan was making films in Hollywood, Leonid Brezhnev was fighting on the southern front—in his own country. Now stigmatized by adversaries, the Soviets can claim as much reason as the West to be defensive and suspicious.

That is precisely why negotiating the laying down of arms is so difficult—and so necessary.

With Carol Brown in Toronto, Keith Christie in Moscow, Myron Peley in Tokyo, Stephen Kessler in Budapest, Peter Lewis in Brussels and Jane O'Hara in New York.

The high cost of fear

In sharp contrast to Americans who are marching in city streets to protest the international nuclear arms

buildup, Soviet citizens for the most part remain silent. They are faced with intermittent shortages of everything from food to toilet paper but they largely support the massive nuclear arms buildup that is draining their economy. Ordinary Russians seem to accept the Kremlin's argument that President Ronald Reagan's administration is bent on undermining Soviet national security. Daily newspaper cartoons depict Americans as round-eyed boys who pretend to want peace by hiding out after benches while they clutch nuclear missiles behind their backs. The message is clear: Reagan and his colleagues cannot be trusted.

An independent Soviet peace movement is virtually nonexistent. However, 31 members of the Soviet's first so-called "Group for Trust"—including

turned back by a heavy man who told him to go and demonstrate a lot more.

Although the country is facing a tough period of economic instability—the Soviets are overextended in Afghanistan and Poland—the Kremlin has been unwilling to trim its military spending. And that is having a visible impact on the country. As one Soviet intellectual put it recently, the Russians people realize that their government spends a lot on arms. According to Soviet ideology, it has to. But the way people dress and their poor diets show what effect this has.

The Kremlin's fear of encirclement by the United States, Western Europe and the Asian axis of China and Japan is very real. The problem for them is how to keep up defense spending while providing adequate social services for the people. There is no doubt that the Kremlin badly needs arms control agreements with the United States and

part, to show a sign of good faith. Brezhnev has offered to freeze deployment of new nuclear missiles—triple-headed SS-20s—west of the Ural mountains.

The two leaders also clash on strategies for reducing intercontinental nuclear arms—an issue to be discussed starting on June 29 in Geneva. For one thing, the 75-year-old Kremlin leader has proposed a joint U.S.-Soviet freeze on long-range weapons. In contrast, Washington has called for a one-third cut in ground-based strategic arsenals, and it proposes that no more than half the remaining Soviet warheads be left-based. But with two-thirds of Soviet arsenals now based on land, Moscow would have to entirely restructure its strategic arsenal force to accept the proposal.

Brezhnev has also indicated that he hopes to salvage the SALT II agreement, which has not been ratified by the United States. Under SALT II, negotiated by the Jimmy Carter administration—the number of launching systems for each side would be limited to 2,252.



Soviet missiles paraded on parade in Red Square on Revolution Day. The increased fear of encirclement is very real for Russia.

engineers, mathematicians and physicians—not recently in Moscow to urge President Leonid Brezhnev to work toward achieving global peace but all other Soviet peace protests have been government-sponsored and strictly controlled. Entry to the Soviet Peace Convention—a 30-year-old "on-the-beach" group that has been reactivated to win credibility abroad by matching Western peace marches—can only be had by obtaining tickets. The affair was heavily attended by members of the Soviet Communist Party and the Young Communist League who came to listen to anti-NATO and West speeches that are devoid of self-criticism.

Indeed, as Western reporter who tried to leave early from such a meeting at Moscow's main sports stadium was

as often to ease the situation at home.

Officially the Kremlin's top priority has been to block NATO's plan to deploy about 570 medium-range Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe, a move Brezhnev says will dramatically alter the East-West balance of nuclear power. The Pershing, it is particularly regarded as a strategic threat because it can reach Soviet territory in four minutes, severely cutting back Moscow's warning time of a nuclear attack and leaving it vulnerable to a "first strike" by the West. To offset Moscow's resistance, America has offered the Soviets a "zero option," but that alternative is no better, say the Soviets.

Under the scheme, the United States would scrap the NATO plan, but in return, the Soviets would have to scrap their existing missile arsenal. For his

Western intelligence experts estimate that the Soviets have 2,500 launching systems, compared to the United States 2,000.

Against the backdrop of East-West negotiations, the Soviet media have focused their attention on antiwar protests in the West. The message beamed out nightly to Soviet citizens is that Western governments are making a difficult time selling their aggressive military programs to their own people that, as the Soviets continue to devote about 15 per cent of the country's GNP, compared to Canada's two per cent, to arms production, the Kremlin could also eventually face criticism at home—about food shortages and a deteriorating quality of life.

CHUCK BELLAK in Toronto, with Keith Christie in Moscow.



Reagan and UN Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar: curious duality

The two faces of Reagan

If the Reagan administration's approach to arms control were ever assessed by a panel of psychiatrists, the final diagnosis might well be schizophrenia. Indeed, Ronald Reagan's first 35 months in office have been characterized by a curious duality. First, even though rhetoric consistently underlined by lame actions, Reagan used one of his first news conferences to call Soviet leaders liars and charlatans. Then he declared that the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT II)—seven years in the making—was finally flawed. He accused that future arms control talks would hinge on Moscow's willingness to restrain its military appetite. And he said that his own unprecedented military spending program was politically necessary.

Examples of Ronald Reagan in his initial incarnation would have trouble recognizing the figure now presiding in the Oval Office. Since last November the administration has seized every opportunity to display the president as peace-maker. The rhetorical flourish has been toned down. The SALT II treaty, while still not a candidate for formal ratification, is being officially observed. One set of U.S.-Soviet arms negotiations—on theatre nuclear weapons—has already been convened in Geneva. A second—on strategic arms reductions—is scheduled to begin there on June 26. And the arms restraint bill, which has been passed down by Congress to several not weeks higher than those recommended by Jimmy Carter, whom no one ever accused of being a hawk.

Still, accounting for the president's

transformation is not especially difficult. Given Reagan's incoherence in foreign affairs, any policy statement automatically reflects the winner in the continuing internecine rivalry for Reagan's mind. That battle has been fought vigorously, and often publicly, by Secretary of State Alexander Haig and Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger, and by Haig and UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick. After a series of humiliating setbacks last year, Haig has finally emerged triumphant, putting the state department's mark on arms control and other crucial areas of foreign policy.

At the same time, Washington has faced the gathering crescendo of destructive peace movements in Europe and at home. Since the East-West conflict is essentially a competition for the troubled soul of Europe, no U.S. president could afford to ignore the rising disarmament fever. To finish it, he would have handed the Krensis a de facto propaganda victory. Moreover, if the administration failed to act, the peace virus would seep or later infect the national consensus for higher defense appropriations.

In response to the movement, Washington first designed a strategy for the other nuclear weapons talks. Those negotiations had been part of the 1979 NATO bargain to match the Soviet Union's 280 mobile SS-20 missiles by installing Pershing II and cruise missiles in Italy, Britain and West Germany beginning next year.

Reagan's opening manoeuvre—the so-called zero option—was an offer to abandon the planned NATO deployment

if Moscow agreed to dismantle its SS-20 arsenal. That the Soviets quickly and totally rejected the proposal, neither surprised nor concerned U.S. policymakers. The point of the exercise was to put a negotiating position on the table, with heavy public exposure, that would instantly deflate the disarmament balloon. The president's May 18 statement was even delivered in the morning in order to assure coverage on Europe's evening newscasts.

The same attention to image and audience has marked the administration's strategic arms initiatives. Rejecting the ostensible goal of the peace negotiations—a mutual, verifiable freeze on production, testing and deployment of new nuclear weapons—Washington packaged its criticisms carefully. A freeze, while Haig officials said repeatedly, was not bad. Rather it was not good enough, because it would lock in existing Soviet advantages and give the Krensis no incentive for negotiating real arms reductions.

The reductions proposed in the president's commencement address last month at Rumsfeld, III, were conceived as a remedy for the United States' nuclear weak point—its land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles. Well known to Moscow's eye intelligence, ICBMs when not downed are vulnerable to increasingly accurate Soviet warheads. Reagan's proposal to trim land-based arsenals by one-third would allow the Pentagon to develop the new sea and cruise missiles but force the Soviets to whittle away at their area of greatest advantage.

The Krensis's reaction—a de facto rejection—was aptly anticipated by Washington. But the Strategic Arms Reductions Treaty (START) proposal was aimed as much at Europeans as Moscow. Whether or not the U.S. tactics will succeed in co-opting the disarmament campaign is still in doubt. But some obvious problems remain. For one thing, the president's pledge to honor the SALT II treaty "so long as the Soviet Union shows restraint" might jeopardize the currently favored plan for deploying the 80 cruise—being it is densely packed underground silos. SALT II prohibits new silo construction.

The question of who the real Ronald Reagan is remains open-ended. Many observers suggest that the early version has been subsumed by the second under the temporary exigencies of power. For their part, critics said that both sides of the president are part of a performance—substance in the address needs of his audience. Meanwhile, the third act certainly is about to rise.

—MICHAEL PENDER in Washington

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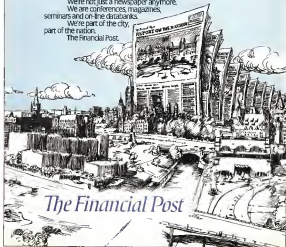
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Magnum after the 1982 shoot about a movement of striking the United States' decidedly sensitive nuclear nerve

The disarmament bible

Five years ago when New Yorker staff writer Jonathan Schell began researching his articles on nuclear war, he had the field pretty much to himself. While nuclear consciousness in Europe was growing, in the United States only fringe radicals and Quakers were concerned about banning the bomb. Says Schell: "When I started this no one could have cared less about nuclear war. I was not writing a document for a movement, because there was no movement."

Earlier this year, however, when Schell's three-part series, titled *The Fate of the Earth*, appeared in *The New Yorker*, it was swept up in the rising tide of antinuclear weapon sentiment in the United States. Within weeks, the Gospel According to Jonathan was being read in tens of nuclear circles across the country. Sensing a literary bonanza, Alfred A. Knopf publishing company crashed the magazine series into a 301-page book. After four printings and 125,000 copies, *The Fate of the Earth* now stands third on *The New York Times* best-seller list. Not only that, but the Book-of-the-Month Club added its moral weight to the effort when it announced that it would offer *The Fate of the Earth* to its members at cost.

Others, too, were trumpeting the merits of *The Fate of the Earth*. Actress Meryl Streep read from Schell at a recent antinuclear benefit in New York City. Dr. Helen Caldicott, president of the Physicians for Social Responsibility, called Schell's book the "bible" of the disarmament movement. For some

readers, Schell's meticulous detailing of the horrors of nuclear war elicited a blind emotional response. In other circles it encountered fawning criticism and sparked an energetic intellectual debate. Less at home it, Schell's at times rambling, at times poetic, polemically charged style struck the United States' decidedly sensitive nuclear nerve.

Written in three sections, *The Fate of the Earth* begins by listing the catastrophic psychological and physical effects of nuclear war. Then it goes on to describe the ghastly effects on everything from the environment to the economy. To illustrate the damage an atomic bomb would wreak on urban civilization, Schell provided a baroque vision of massive cities at hell what would happen to New York City if a one-megaton bomb was detonated 2,000 miles above the Empire State Building. The emotionally charged image of New York at ground zero, at first a scene of 400 km a winds whipping through the canyons of Manhattan reducing the city to rubble, caused some critics to place Schell's book among the latest crop of nuclear "war" literature.

Not some critics had serious reservations. Writing in *The New Yorker*, Charles Krauthammer disagreed with Schell's major conclusion—that a nuclear war would lead to the extinction of the human race—and further stated that it was not the view of the National Academy of Sciences' study upon which Schell, in part, based the book. Others were uncomfortable about Schell's outright rejection of deterrence. While

Morger's Michael Kingsley: "Even if everyone in the world shared Schell's overwrought feelings about nuclear war, the basic dilemma would not disappear. The best defense against an enemy's threat to use nuclear weapons is the threat to use them back."

Strongly silent amid both the sanctification and the savagery of *The Fate of the Earth* has been the other half. For the most part Schell has had low during the controversy. A 30-year-old father of two children, Schell lives on Manhattan's west side overlooking the Hudson River. He has not publicly answered his critics, nor has he asked himself with any of the many disarmament groups that organized the recent outpouring of antinuclear rallies, bonfires and protests around the United States. Although he attended the massive June 12 rally in Central Park, he went as a private citizen, just another face in the crowd.

Schell's Garbo-like reticence has less to do with creating a mystique than with his feeling that his work should speak for itself. Of the fewer his book has created, Schell says: "People were already tuned into the issue. My book simply put them more fully."

Indeed, if the 400-hour book did be published on nuclear war this year, more is likely to be as meticulously glibly signed as he had to read as *The Fate of the Earth*. Admirers have found it to such protest historical works as Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and Herman Hesse's *Under the Wheel of Fortune*. Whether or not it stands the test of time remains to be seen, but for the disarmament advocate it is surely the book of the year. —JANE O'HARA in New York

SPORTS

Death and safety in the fast lane

By Hal Quinn

The tragic death of Italian driver Riccardo Paletti at last week's Canadian Grand Prix came just four weeks after the death of American Gordon Smiley during a qualification run at the Indianapolis 500 and five weeks after the death of Canadian Gilles Villeneuve at a practice run in Belgium.

Producing an international roar of protest arose over the deaths in the fast lanes and over the unknown degree to which machinery has driven them. But as tragic and dramatic as the deaths were (Smiley was killed by Britain's top motorcycle rider, John Newbold, died in a race in Northern Ireland), they occurred in competitions more remarkable for their avoidance of death and their safety.

To depict Paletti's car engulfed in flames, but what was really striking about the incident was the efficiency of those who attempted his rescue. As in the cases of Smiley and Villeneuve, the driver—however difficult the circumstances—made an error. Paletti slipped off the track. From the rear of the race's start to signal that his engine had stalled, Paletti's car was stuck on the edge of the starting grid wheeled around his Ferrari, but from his third position, perhaps blinded by the smoke from spitting tires and the rain of chunks of rubber, Paletti allowed it into his rear. At a speed of 190 km/h, it is estimated that he had one-twentieth of a second to recognize that Paletti's car was stopped and to react. He only nine seconds after he saw the first enemy vehicle arrived. Eighteen seconds after impact a doctor and anesthetist were at Paletti's car and he was connected to life-support systems. Fire broke out 30 seconds later, and the first extinguisher was in action in 1.8 seconds. The next arrived five seconds later and doused the vehicle with water. The fire was under control 50 seconds after it started and out in another 20.

De Hugh Seely of Toronto, who coordinated the rescue effort, told *Motor* magazine: "There were no burns on Paletti's clothing or body." Yet 350 L of high-octane racing fuel had ignited. It took the team one minute and 35 seconds to remove Paletti. "It was impossible to tell what was left and what was missing," said Seely. Paletti died in hospital 30 minutes after the crash. The fuel cells of Formula One race cars were redesigned after the severe

burns suffered by driver Niki Lauda in 1978. "A 40-megagram can be fired at one end," says Seely, who represents Canada and the United States at international auto racing safety commissions, "and they won't leak. Paletti's fuel cell ruptured because the engine moved four inches forward on impact."

Seely also pointed out that when men and machines are tested to their maximum, there are inevitable dangers. (Villeneuve's heartbeats had been recorded at 300 beats per minute during a race, compared to 40 to 50 beats per minute at rest.) As a result, enhanced

nary preventive and precautionary measures are taken. For one thing, the driver of the chase car that last week carried the doctor on the Montreal track, incidentally, just named in honor of Villeneuve, was a qualified race driver, a veteran of numerous days in Vietnam and a skilled mechanic capable of breaking down a Grand Prix car. And statistics, which say who are the most prone to die, mean people are killed playing water polo—then in all of auto racing—and that race drivers stand only one two-hundredth of the chance of being killed faced by the average motorist on freeways.

The dangers increase with speed, and Formula One cars now sit on cushions above the "ground effect" (a form of suction that holds them to the track). In the past, drivers might have slipped brakes 60 m before a corner, but they now brake 25 m before it, with a proportional reduction in reaction time.

With the increments in speed have come six-point seat belts, special stitching, reinforced cockpit, helmets that meet and a more accurate air supply. But technological and safety advances neither still nor could have saved the three drivers. Smiley hit a concrete wall at 300 km/h. Paletti, a stationary car at 190 km/h, and Villeneuve touched the car in front of him and catapulted. His Ferrari broke its hold, flipping him out of the car as it landed on an embankment.

Despite safety precautions and safety records, auto racing's tragedies are spectacular and are viewed, repeatedly, in slow motion, by hundreds of thousands. Races without incident get little attention. And, for the drivers, the passing of their colleagues is bemoaned from their minds before the next race. "Five seconds before the start, with helmet on and over the pit, you're hearing your own heart in the beating of your heart," says Canadian Can-Am racer John Graham. "Nobody makes me go over the car—I climb in myself. And I'd make a pact with the devil to be the top driver on the Grand Prix." ♦

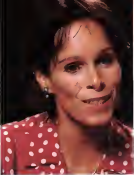


Villeneuve hurtled from his Ferrari (above), rescue workers dousing Paletti's flaming wreck; remarkable for their avoidance of death



PEOPLE

It seems improbable that tiny **Guinevere Chaplin** was once an elephant trainer. Or that when she broke an arm in a fall off her horse, she was strong enough to shoot a rifle on her hands as **Annex Gallery** to **Robert Altman's Buffalo Bill and the Indians**. But, despite her diminutive stature, the 27-year-old daughter of legendary comedian-film-maker **Charlie Chaplin** can become ferocious when she is asked. In Toronto last week to promote her latest film, **Quacks** (about the life of Dr. Quack), Chaplin eloquently explained the French director's incapacity at home. "They have hit because he has talent and has made money," she snapped. "They are jealous." **Dolby**, the story of four families and their survival through the Second World War to the present, in all the more brutal because Leclerc is a gentle character, she says. "I'm not an old prude-spouter" (she is a happily unmarried mother of a 15-year-old son), but "he needs to be a father, not a son, so they make him so offensive, they attack their message at your nose." Reminiscing on her days with the **Boyz n the City** in Paris, Chaplin cheers up and says, "There are no wild animals in **Dolby**, except **James Cagney**, and he is divine."



The tiny Chaplin outgrows her father's film-making

always been popular with the Japanese," she says. "I think it's because I represent something different to their culture—personal choice and freedom."

Even the most portion of politicians would be hard-pressed to claim that the House of Commons is a forum for the forces of good vs. evil. Yet shadow of a 19th-century whip-hair surfaced this month when two rookie Liberal MPs, **Peter Lamp** and **Jack Burghard**, alerted their fellow parliamentarians to the reformist measures of the devil's work **Burghard** claims that he heard a radio commentary that re-

vealed that, when certain popular songs are played backward, demonic messages come through loud and clear. A prime minister, he says, in **Lee Zussman's** 12-year-old release of **Strawberry to Moscow**, which he claims is loaded with such lyrics as "here's to my sweet Britain" and "I love because I live with Stalin." **Ross Munn**, 30, marketing manager for Capitol Records Canada, says the issue is a joke that has always been vehemently denied by the band. "I've heard these records played backward and I couldn't hear a bloody thing," he snorts. When **Burghard** and **Lamp** went so far as to call for warning labels, Progressive Conservative Youth President **Greg Thomas**, 20, got into the bedevilled headlines. Thomas charges that such interference would be a violation of the guarantees of freedom of expression. "It's a sad commentary on the parliamentary system when MPs have to chase devils," he says. With much evidence, Thomas may realize that the practice is not so unusual.

Like his character **Chancey Gardener**, author **John Koestler** seemed remarkably unimpaired by rumors and controversy were traded about him in New York City last week. The eye of the storm was a lengthy article in the weekly **Village Voice** that cast serious aspersions on Koestler's literary abilities. Reporter **Barbara Ehrenreich** says that **Koestler** was much more than a weak smattering of a professor who, they maintain, had actually pre-edited the author's manuscripts, along with another assistant, who he charged that "the ideas were all his [Koestler's]." "I did not put it into English." It was the lack of any such credits in Koestler's seven books, coupled with a "deep throat" source, that first piqued **Freeman's** interest. Now, the reporters even question Koestler's dramatic escape from Poland story. (It may well be that he arrived in the United States on a student visa.) "He's an inventor who has led an exciting life, but maybe some



Arrived with Worthington: a far, far better thing

of the exotic things don't really happen," explains **Freeman-Smith**. From **Barbara Koestler** said in a statement, "I support the First Amendment which gives writers the constitutional rights to write what they want and invent what they want... even if it's a hatchet job on me." Whether the hatchet struck the truth, he didn't say.

Peter Worthington is generally credited with transforming the remnants of the defunct Toronto Telegram into the thriving Toronto Star. Now he hopes to pass his good fortune as the Progressive Conservative. Last week the 52-year-old author announced his plans to seek the Tory nomination in Toronto's **Steelesville-Greenwood**, the working-class riding that was held by the NDP until **Bob Rae** resigned last February to become the party's Ontario leader. Although Worthington makes no secret of the fact that he has criticized **Joe Clark's** leadership in print, he vows to change his tune if elected. He has stressed Clark that he is not a "potential Branson" and he adds that the Tory leader would be "pleased to have me in Ottawa." Not on the campaign trail, Worthington calls the Liberals a "terrible, destructive and dangerous government. All the good people in the Liberal party have either quit or been driven out. We're left with Trudeau and a bunch of yes-men." It is a popular stance, but some critics say Worthington's political aspirations may be hindered by a highly publicized \$750,000 bid last fall against the Sun by **Telecom** Minister **John Manly**. No one

paper is protected against reporters who are "psychopaths like," he counters. If he does make it to the House of Commons, Worthington has a successor in mind, the Star's associate editor and Manly's executive liaison, **Barbara Jones**. "I'm intrigued by the suggestion," Anand says there has been no discussion about replacing Worthington. Her father on his political aspirations: "We want him to win so save the country, but we want him to lose to stay at the Sun."

When **Ed Anand's** agent first told him last month that his son was considering **Los Gatos**, Anand hoped that one of the other networks would pick up the popular television series. But last week in Hollywood the embattled star and president of the Screen Actors Guild announced that no one else was interested.

"We're dead," he and only barely, thousands of

Anand supporters had gathered outside the show was killed because of his outspoken support for left-wing guerrilla forces in El Salvador, not because of supposedly poor ratings. American Civil Liberties Union spokesperson **Linda Vallance** called the network's action "thirty years of political censorship and capitulation to right-wing demagogues." Anand, whose political stunts have brought in an anonymous death threat and stage on the wrist from former and president **Ronald Reagan**, agrees. "Poor Lou is the first vic-

Fitness buff? Michener a new peak



Anand: Lou was thrown to the galaxy

tim of a new wave of blacklisting," he told **Anand**. Also sparring to Anand is the lack of a final episode. **Anand's** fans may grove over a special two-hour send-off, but **Los Gatos's** followers will have to content with Anand's synopsis. "Just say Lou fell into an elevator pit on the way to the Tribune." He was so small talk.

Former governor general **Rowland Michener** says his disposition is such that he has always wanted to find out "what's on the other side of the hill." This weekend, weather, legs and lungs permitting, the 65-year-old Michener will use the other side of the 2,560-foot peak on the edge of the Rockies that was named after him in 1879. Flying in by helicopter, Michener will make the final ascent of what he longingly calls "my monument," a nearby ridge between **Bill March** and **Ugled Gail** together, the leader and deputy leader respectively of the team that will make the first Canadian attempt to climb Mount Everest in September. "This is Mr. Michener's Mount Everest," says fellow team member **John Anand**. "It is his wig of showing Canada the real significance of the Everest expedition—setting a significant goal in a particular area of endeavor." The climb may increase awareness—Michener is honorary patron of the Canadian Mount Everest Society—but the serious mountaineer is not as serious about attaining summits as his expert colleagues. "As long as they don't bury me there," Michener says, he'll be happy.

—EDITED BY BARBARA EISENTHAL

Although she left the whirling world of disco nights for a stable career as a television hostess a year ago, **Margaret Trudeau** still lives the life of a show girl. Last week she jetted off to Japan for a few days to lend her presence to the opening of her namesake, Tokyo's newest supper club, **Maggy's**. "It's like an Elizabethan's business club," she explains. "There isn't any dancing." Margaret says her title-honorary managing director will give her a reason to visit the country more often. "Japanese culture is my hobby—I find it fascinating," she added in an interview. And, after years of being criticized by the press in Canada, Trudeau relishes the subtleties of Oriental public relations. "I've never felt exploited there, even though I've

Trudeau lands her presence in Tokyo: popular but not exploited



Falling hopes in the woods



R.C. operation: the roar of sawmills is being heard less frequently in Canada

By Ian Acunen

Until recently Calvert Knudsen could rightfully claim to be one of the most powerful businessmen in British Columbia. From the Arthur Brinkley-designed headquarters of MacMillan Bloedel Ltd., he controlled the leading corporation in the province's dominant forest industry. Not only that, but his power was matched by a \$400,000 salary that made him British Columbia's highest-paid executive.

But those circumstances have changed. Last week MacBio put its concrete highway on the real estate market in an attempt to raise \$80 million and Chairman Knudsen, like the company's other directors, is gutting by on half his old salary. The reason: the high interest rate stranglehold on new housing starts in the United States has dealt a devastating blow to Canada's forest industry. Dependent on the U.S. market for 80 per cent of its sales in good times, British Columbia's four forestry giants (MacBio, British Columbia Forest Products Ltd., Crown Zellerbach Canada Ltd. and Westwood of Canada Ltd.) lost a combined total of \$68.1 million in the first quarter of this year.

Although sawmills and timber-cutting operations across the country have been affected, the impact has been greatest in British Columbia, where 50 cents of every dollar earned comes from forestry. And viewed from the Vancouver Island town of Port Alberni, MacBio's head office outdoors scene adds in-

stead. That is because, during the past year, the company has shut down the town's four mills and several other small operations—leaving only 450 of the area's 4,500 workers on the job. Millworker Dave Simmons, for one, has not worked for a year and he says that unemployment insurance benefits are barely keeping his family afloat. "We're broke the day the cheque comes in," he says. Nevertheless, Simmons is still better off than some of his coworkers. It is estimated that by the end of August some 700 of the town's forestry workers will be on welfare rolls. Not only that, but 100,000 or more forestry workers in the province are unemployed.

On the West Coast, too, the loss of sawmills is being felt frequently. In New Westminster, 15,000 people employed in the province's sawmills and woodworking industries are out of work as lumber operations shut down. While the closed-up mills are the most visible signs of the slowdown, Joe O'Sullivan, vice-president of Acadia Forest Products Ltd., says the real problem is in the bush. For every worker in a mill, he says, there are three out in the woods—loading. What's more, although the large trucks, tractors and

skidders that many of the woodsmen own have been sitting idle for months, creditors still demand payment. With the arrival of winter and no turnaround in sight, O'Sullivan says, "the panic is setting in."

Still, the Ontario- and Quebec-based pulp and paper industry is not suffering as badly. Richard Carby, a forestry specialist at the Toronto Dominion Bank, notes that the Ontario newspaper industry is currently running at 90 per cent of its capacity, as opposed to the 65-per-cent level in British Columbia. Nevertheless, even the pulp and paper industry has not escaped layoffs as plants close to reduce inventories.

So far government attempts to aid the industry have been largely ineffective. Earlier this year Employment and Immigration Minister Lloyd Axworthy announced a joint federal-provincial plan to create logging jobs in British Columbia. While it was promised that up to 16,000 jobs would be created by the \$34-million scheme, only 40 programs creating 300 jobs are currently under way. A federal government work-sharing program has been more successful. Under that plan, employees divide the reduced work load among themselves by working five-day weeks. They are quickly fed up to \$40 to unemployment benefits for the fifth day. While the idea has prevented an estimated 4,000 layoffs so far, some companies have balked at the idea. "We realize there's a moral obligation here," says Gary Johnson, MacBio's industrial relations vice-president. "That work-sharing is cost-efficient." The rub of the problem: the companies still have to pay benefits for employees in the program.

In the end the only effective remedy is likely to come from Washington. A bill before the U.S. Congress could result in 250,000 new U.S. housing starts by fall. And the result for Canada may be dramatic. Vancouver housing economist Peter Demko says, "When there's a turnaround, it will be quick." Meanwhile, Drake adds, the industry's current woes "may make us a lot more acutely aware of the need to move in the long run."

But for Gerald Simmons, an unemployed logger in Vancouver, time is already less than money. "I have to go," he says. "We used to say, 'Have a good day.' Now we just say, 'Survive.'"

With John Patterson in Vancouver, Gerald Simmons in Toronto, Dave O'Sullivan in Port Alberni and Gerald Johnson in Fredericton.

Knudsen pays risk and layoffs



An abrupt economic reversal

Former president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing denounced it as a "shocking" blow to the country's international prestige, and neo-Gaullist opposition leader Jacques Chirac denounced it as a "betrayal." But that France had become the "new sick man of Europe" last week, just days after its extraordinary \$14-billion hospitality spree for the Versailles summit, France found itself suddenly faced to face with the grim possibilities of hard times. To cope with an economy in crisis, Paris announced a 5.5-per-cent devaluation of the franc—the second since the Socialists came to power a year ago—and a four-month wage and price freeze that threatens to undermine the government's alliance with its Communist partners.

Finance Minister Jacques Delors described the austerity package as only a "small electroshock" for the economy. But, in fact, the measures represented an abrupt reversal in monetary policy for President François Mitterrand's government, which had been exuberantly playing economic odd man out in the Western alliance by monetarizing its effort at fighting unemployment, not inflation.

For their part, the government's opponents denounced the changes as evidence of the Socialists' misguided program. "It goes to prove our fears were founded," said Employers' Association President Yves Chassagnon. But the broad devaluation of the franc also strained the source of the European Monetary System (EMS), which was based with its third currency reassignment since it was established in March, 1978. Last week, Europe's central banks agreed to meet in Basel, Switzerland, for the annual meeting of the Bank of International Settlements, its President Paul Laubacher called into question the entire existence of the EMS. He speculated that a system of free-floating currencies might be preferable to the present arrangement in which most of the European Community nations align their exchange rates in a just shot against the U.S. dollar.

Last week, on the occasion of Lebanon and the United States' budget compromise sent the dollar rocketing to a record high, the currency system seemed even more anachronistic. Still, the seven European finance ministers who met in an emergency session in Brussels to hear the French announcement were not prepared to scrap the arrangement. They insisted, instead, that the orderly devaluations prove just how strong the EMS really is. In fact, in recent weeks the Italian lire (red) franc (blue) and the new franc (green) have only intervened heavily in the money markets—some bankers had feared that



Delors: grim devaluation in hard times

Mitterrand would simply drop out of the race.

But the new measures did more than demonstrate France's good faith in the EMS. They placed the country's economy nearly in line with that of its European partners, due largely to generous aid from Germany, its largest single trading partner. Having effectively reversed inflation until it reached 15 per cent at a time when all but socialist partners had successfully reined in their rates, Mitterrand is now pledged to reduce it to 10 per cent by Dec. 31, when his wage and price controls expire. To the International Herald Tribune's financial editor, Carl Gervais, the devaluation proved that "France's attempt to stand alone was not only impossible, it was costly."

Both Mitterrand and Delors predicted that the new tactics are only a temporary phase 2 of socialism. In France, not a Major policy shift, but the

measures effectively undo much of the government's starting policy of monetarism. And last week the government was anxiously searching for ways to reduce expenditures in an effort not only to keep the nation's estimated budget deficit in \$21 billion this year but to wipe out an overall deficit of \$100 billion next year. Among the probable sacrifices, shrinking down proposed family allowance increases from 14 to 12 per cent, and cutting down on France's philanthropic unemployment insurance benefits, which now provide 1.9 per cent of lost salaries. Not only that, but this week Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy is expected to announce another tax on civil servants and white-collar workers.

Still, the government will face major resistance to its wage and price controls. An initial attempt to win over both the country's unions and employers' association to the plan ended in failure. Employer spokesman Gratias threatened the price controls as unacceptable and demanded in return a suspension of a new law giving unions a greater say in industry management. But that demand is unlikely to get a sympathetic hearing. In return for stronger controls, the unions will have to insist on more decision-making power.

As a result, while the government is clinging to the four-month freeze to break the current momentum in wages, it will also prepare a major test of its relations with the unions. It is already the nation's largest union, the Communist-led Confédération générale du travail, has changed its stand from unconditional support to a strong disavowal of the austerity measures. And if the labor opposition grows, the government's Communist partners—who have given their silent consent to the program—may be forced to break with the Socialists. The movement are also anguished with the electronics. Mitterrand's own popularity suffered a sharp up-and-down, according to a poll conducted by the right-leaning *Paris daily France Soir*. The decline took place despite the president's efforts to keep himself above the fray by leaving Delors to handle the details.

At the same time some critics fear that the measures may not be stringent enough to put France's economy back on a safe ground. Many bankers believe that the franc will have to be devalued again within the next few years. In the meantime Delors is gambling that the calm of summer vacation time and fair weather will soften the blow of his measures on the electorate. Given the severity of the program, however, the fall will be a long one. In fact, it is—that scenario is fragile, at best.

—MARK McDONALD in Paris

Tight money under attack

At the Liberal caucus scrambled last week to hammer out a new economic package (page 14), an even more extensive debate was stirring among the country's economists. Increasingly alarmed by the weak condition of the dollar—last week it dropped below 76 cents (U.S.) despite another increase in the bank rate—some attacked the government's tight-money policies as misguided and potentially disastrous. Others dug in their heels and supported the strategy. But all were convinced that extraordinary measures are needed to revive the economy.

The most outspoken critic of the government's tight-money approach is Ruben Bellar, a prominent economist at the University of Manitoba. Bellar agrees with Finance Minister Allan Rock's contention that fighting inflation is not the primary goal. But he disagrees fundamentally with the minister's methods. Fiscal and monetary policies, he insists, are doing little to ease unemployment while ignoring the essential problem of inflation. Says Bellar: "These policies are not going to ensure that we achieve equality between the rate of real output growth and the rate of increase in wages and profits." The solution, he argues, is to implement expansionary programs "that will put people back to work and increase the nation's productivity."

Not only that, Bellar condemns the "excessive" damage to the economy's \$120 billion debt, an excessive burden and reason for inflation. He points out that the debt is mainly composed of money that Canadians owe to themselves. And he contends that Japan has financed



Dobson: a call for wage controls

roughly 30 per cent of its annual spending through borrowing in recent years. But, in 1981, its inflation rate was only four per cent and unemployment was a mere 1.5 per cent.

Michael McCracken, president of Incentivex, an Ottawa-based economic research firm, also believes that government policy is "fundamentally faulty," says McCracken. "A sustained period of high interest rates is sure likely to give us higher prices rather than lower ones." At the same time, he says that the government's apparent willingness to tolerate high unemployment in order to put down wage pressure on wage demands is wrong. "We've got enough unemployment now," McCracken says, "and another two or

three per cent is not going to buy us much on the wage side." His prescription, a comprehensive package aimed at achieving real growth, rising employment, stability of prices and a viable balance of payments. "The immediate consequence," he admits, "might be a lower dollar." But if the confidence of foreign investors can be restored, he adds, particularly by changes in the National Energy Program and the Foreign Investment Review Agency, upward pressure would be exerted on the currency.

Still, other economists think that the government is on the right track. Wendy Dobson, executive director of the C.D. Howe Institute, believes that Ottawa must demonstrate determination to maintain a policy of restraint in order to break the inflationary psychology of Canadians. To change course substantially, she maintains, would send the wrong signals to the public. She also argues that general wage and price controls are called for. Similarly, John Goss, chief economist at Wood Gundy Ltd., believes that there is "no socially honest alternative" to tight-money policies.

But are emergency measures called for? Angus Smart, an economist with Dominion Securities Inc. Ltd. for two years, thinks so. "We're getting gradually to a state of national emergency," he says, "and we simply cannot go on this way very much longer. The only alternative is a policy of restraint, possibly coupled with wage, price and exchange controls—which is something I've never previously advocated." If Smart's assessment is correct, the modest package expected shortly from the government may be grossly inadequate to solve the country's problems. —JAMES FLEMING

The crunch eases for apartments

Apartment leasing. The phrase alone has nightmareish connotations for those who have endured frantic months of searching for accommodation. But, after years of shrinking vacancy rates, the situation appears to be dramatically improving for renters. A recent report by the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. (CMHC) shows that the rental vacancy has risen in cities that only six months ago were recording rates as low as one per cent. In Edmonton, the vacancy rate has risen from 1.6 to four per cent. And, while Toronto has recorded a more modest increase, from 0.8 to 0.6 per cent, St. John's boasts a rate of eight per cent. Even Calgary and Vancouver—regarded as markets for extreme

magnates—are reporting new highs. What's more, the phenomenon should last for some months. Predicts CMHC's director of statistics, Anthony Strick: "The trend should continue for the rest of this year and into 1983."

According to federal officials, the spurt in new accommodation followed a year-end rush by apartment builders to cash in on the tax savings of the new federal Multiple Unit Residential Buildings program (MURB). (It was scrapped in the new federal budget.) But another cause was the sensible by private ministries to stop in where winter left us. This year alone 16,000 new units in Ontario and 15,000 in Alberta will be subleased with governmental funds.

Renters can now take advantage of attractive inducements offered by landlords. In Mississauga, Ont., Shiller Corporation is offering one month's free rent to fill one building. And an Edmon-

ton landlord is courting tenants with free color TVs. At the same time, Vancouver landlords are offering similar inducements, ranging from moving allowances to free rent for a month, in order to reduce full occupancy in buildings on the outskirts of the city.

The drawback for renters is that the deals are not being matched by landlords' reductions in rent. "The rent can't come down," says Geoffrey Campbell, research chairman for the Housing and Urban Development Association of Canada. The reason: "Most owners are operating on a small profit margin or are simply breaking even." Not only that, but experts agree that the needs of apartments for lower-income families in downtown areas are still at a premium. Nevertheless, for middle-income renters, the temporarily improved picture spells more choice and lower prices after years of straining to get into a rental unit. —CATHERINE BOOTH in Toronto

SCIENCE

Something is out there

There's something strange out there beyond the fringe of the solar system. After a decade of careful radar tracking and planetary studies, scientists are now certain that a massive body is disturbing the orbits of Uranus and Neptune. Yet years of searching the heavens have failed to turn up what most have considered the best explanation: a fifth planet.

But last week, with a year's worth of new data from the veteran Pioneer spacecraft ready to feed into the computers, two NASA scientists announced that they are close to solving the mystery. Because the two spacecraft are now on opposite sides of the sun, near Neptune and Uranus, and because both are being tagged by the unknown body, the new data will tell in which direction the object lies. The next step, says Palmer Dyal of the NASA Ames Research Center, is "to start the search to determine exactly what it is."

Dyal and Jake Anderson, of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, believe that the most likely candidate is not an undiscovered planet but a small, dark star called a "brown dwarf."

So far, say five such objects have ever been observed because they are too small to ignite the nuclear reactions that produce stellar heat and light. If the hidden object is indeed a brown dwarf, says Dyal, it would have to be about 0.06 times the mass of the sun, still considerably larger than Jupiter, and would be about twice as far from the sun as a Pluto.

Another star that close to the sun could be a so-called "white," a glowing body that will last for about 100,000 years—or a more intriguing possibility—it could be a companion star, making the sun part of a binary system of two stars rotating around each other.

But careful infrared telescopes can spot the object, the brown dwarf is still only a best guess. The second contender, says Dyal, is that elusive 10th planet, and the third even less likely candidate is a distant black hole.

During the next few years, as the computers burn and the scientists speculate, Pioneers 10 and 11 will continue their swift advance to the edge of our solar system and beyond. But unless Washington continues funding the project, which is currently unlikely, no one will be around to receive their messages about the solar system's fellow traveler. —PAT O'NEILL/SPR



"A Heineken: that's exactly what I had in mind."

Hiking by helicopter

By Kerry McPhedran

Turbulent lakes and alpine meadows thick with gentians, lupines and Indian paintbrush have long drawn die-hard backpackers and trail riders into the Canadian Rockies in search of solitude and the simple life. But there are no shelters and beans around the campfire for a select group of wanderers in British Columbia's Powell Mountains. A jet helicopter picks them up at the 3,000-m level and whisks them back to the secluded lodge. There they will kick off rented Adidas Xcels

day—three meals, lodge, guide, boots and pants—the operators will run one of all ages into the high country. In less than an hour, without a drop of sweat expended or a quadriceps flexed, they reach elevations that would take traditional hikers one day to two weeks.

The outrage do not please everyone. While conservationists accept government use of choppers for game counts and forest fire control, they are urging provincial governments to control recreational helicopter access into the otherwise inaccessible regions before



Hikers in the Bugaboos, lifting up their a-pes and bodies onto high-altitude heavens

hiking boots and relax with a drink before tackling beef tenderloin with bear-nale sauce, fresh asparagus and Potelva, a marriage as light as the alpine air.

From June to September, the B.C. and Alberta hills are alive with the sound of whirring rotors as growing numbers of heli-hikers note their way into remote back country, once the preserve of grizzlies, elk, mountain goats and muscular backpackers. Last summer 3,000 people lifted up their eyes and bodies onto high-altitude heavens: the Cariboo and the now legendary Bugaboos. But now has increased steadily, expanding from one to three a week—the operators report that they are already 60 per cent booked this season.

For between \$80—several hours, lunch and guide included—and \$350 a

the trend becomes unmanageable.

Recreational use of helicopters only began in the late '70s, when oil executives began booking exploration choppers for weekend fishing forays and heli-ski operators looked for off-season revenue. Today there is one major heli-hiking operator in British Columbia, while two fly out of Canmore, Alta., just outside Banff National Park. Numerous commercial helicopter companies in Calgary and near Jasper, Alta., also pick up extra revenue chartering to heli-fishermen and, occasionally, to hikers.

For most airborne hikers, the trips provide them with their first time in any mountain and a chance to hike from one to 15 km a day. A B.C. heli-hiking guide, Andrew Lewis, admits he had his doubts when the program started

"We were skeptical whether people who are not hikers would appreciate it as much as mountaineers, but they really do." After their ascent, the Wapiti-cries from Hinton, Texas, rhapsodized: "To sit on an overhang and watch an avalanche happen across from you—to hear the crack and feel the rumble—in the impossible dream."

Recreational choppers to people such as the Weatherlies, the elderly and the disabled is the raison d'être of heli-hiking, contend advocates. But this kind of argument runs hollow to veteran guide Al McManis. As president of the Alberta Outfitters Association, he has guided an international clientele of all ages. "I've had a lady 72 years old ride in a pack horse. I think the elderly are just as serious hikers as people are young." That estimating hikers might keep some people shut-out does not worry Dick Pharis, former president of the Alberta Wilderness Association. "We simply can't have every use on every acre of land." As for heli-fishermen, Pharis points out that most are just lucky to see in their 50s and 60s, "long on beer belly, short on leg muscle and keen to catch a back-country trout."

Like other opponents of heli-hiking, McManis objects strenuously to the mechanized intrusion on the solitude of the back country. So do his clients, who pay a hefty fee to ride in the saddle to the sound of rumbling engines, creaking leather and warbling whisky jukes, only to be haunted by a jet-lagged, thin flight attendant, the grilles and especially the gusts, cutting off their normal upward escape route.

"We are not environmental terrorists," contends Geoff Palmer of Banff Mountain Heli Sports, Alberta's largest heli-hiking operator, whose clients are mostly Albertans or drive-by tourists. "Just because heli-hikers don't have a set of legs like Bruce Kahl doesn't mean they don't deserve to be there."

One possible compromise is to limit helicopters to certain areas—possibly even air corridors, a system used successfully in New Zealand's parks. In both provinces, however, action as general helicopter use is still pending. Alberta's Les Cochrane, executive director of resource evaluation and planning, expects a decision by the end of the summer. British Columbia's plans to regulate air traffic have been delayed by the unresolved question of federal environmental impact assessments.

For Pharis, who helped compile facts and figures for reports that will ultimately influence government decisions, it still comes down to a philosophical argument: "Basically, we are asking whether we want to let our money be used to satisfy millions of people with not much time and lots of money." ☐

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A sacrifice in the name of research

By Sheri McKay

Two aged beagle bitches keep each other company. Both were surgical body casts that press their right front paws to their underbellies. The animals, raised to walking on three legs, limp toward their visitors, tails hesitantly wagging. They are among the first animals to arrive at the research lab at the University of Ottawa's new Science and Medicine building. Part of an experiment to study extreme buildup is immobilized limb joints, the dogs will be monitored over a period of months, until researchers give some of them a drug overdose and perform autopsies.

Each year in universities, government health agencies and private labs across Canada, four million animals meet similar fates. From mice to monkeys, animals die in the testing of new products—from painkillers to the latest oven cleaners. But while many say that animals are essential to laboratory testing, a growing number of activists are attacking their use.

One of the best-placed activists yet will begin this week with the release of a pioneering report on animal research in Canada's public institutions. Says its author, Anna Donawick, head of the Minneapolis Animal Rights Society, in Ontario, and a self-confessed animal lover, "the scientific community has been reluctant to let the public know what they are doing in those labs."

Donawick's report shares on such victims. It documents 68 experiments, ranging in programs at the Defense Research Establishment in Malton, also, researchers injected 19 rhesus monkeys with scabies as an attempt to find an antidote. Some, a nerve gas used in the Second World War, causes seizures, convulsions and eventual death. At the Research Wildlife Research in Ottawa, newborn monkeys were taken from their mothers and bottle-fed milk and other toxic substances while researchers studied how their learning and behavior patterns changed. At St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, N.S., lab personnel used the brains of 128 rats, deprived them of food for 24 hours and immobilized them in a black room. They then killed the animals, removed their stomachs and examined the ulcers that the classically induced stress created. Anna Donawick: "Do we have the right to treat animals as we do, or only the power to do so?"

From thousands of activists in Canada's 36 animal welfare organizations



Donawick: a challenge to scientists' rights

comes a resounding "no." "I realize that I have taken medicines that were developed using animals," says Peter Hyde, a member and past executive director of the Ottawa-based Canadian Animal Defense League (CADL). But Hyde finds animal research morally indefensible and he particularly deplores experiments such as one currently being funded by the department of national defense (DND) in Ottawa.

As part of the NATO commitment, the DND is seeking an antidote to the radiation-induced nausea that leaves soldiers

helplessly retching during a nuclear attack. Scientists are already isolating hormones from deer stomachs and injecting them into various parts of the animals' brains. Once both the chemical cause and the seat of nausea are found, work will begin on creating an anti-nausea agent. Eventually, researchers will introduce dogs to test the efficiency. The outraged CADL has taken out nationwide newspaper ads depicting a sorry-looking aged mongrel and advising residents that their tax money is being used to poison man's best friend.

The campaign has done its work. "I recently spent three hours on the phone advising a woman why was certain I was making her last dog," says John Szabarewicz, a neurophysiologist at the University of Ottawa and principal investigator on the DND project. Szabarewicz agreed to work on the project because of his concern about nausea's effect on pregnant women, migraine victims and cancer patients but insists that

he personally has no intention of irradiating dogs. And, like many of his colleagues, he has struggled to weigh the suffering of animals against human suffering. "On the one hand, you have committed, knowledgeable, articulate people who are opposed to all forms of animal experimentation," he remembers. "On the other hand, you have scientists who are trying to discover treatments for cancer or burn victims—and for that they need animals. It is a guilt which I believe will never be erased."

Respite in body casts: four million animals meet similar fates each year



Nonetheless, some are attempting to do just that. Among the bridge builders is the 16-year-old Canadian Council on Animal Care (CCAC), a federal body that has lately been stepping up its efforts to oversee the care and treatment of laboratory animals. Long criticized by activists for relying on peer review committees to assess experiments, the council has put an unprecedented eight projects under scrutiny since 1988. It also recommended that no funds be given to any grant experiment in which rats were placed in a rotating spiked drum.

The CCAC has no legal clout—and, indeed, Canada is among the few Western countries without federal legislation to protect lab animals. Still, it is closely affiliated with the government granting agencies on which most researchers depend. Says veterinarian Harry Rowland, the council's executive: "One can rarely legislate morality; could never regulate human goodness." Indeed, U.S. laws did not stop Maryland behavioral psychologist Edward Taub from leaving monkeys dazed and mutilated in rubber, experiment-induced cages. Taub was convicted on six counts of cruelty to animals last November.

As government begins to heed the public outcry, so too does industry. Each year, in a procedure known as the Draize test, cosmetic companies burn or wind the eyes of thousands of rabbits while making sure that the new shade of eye shadow can safely appear on drugstore shelves. But recently Reckitt, Inc., injured by five years of protest against the practice, donated \$750,000 to Rockefeller University, N.Y., for the development of replacement tissue. Other experiments have followed suit.

Replacement is becoming the watchword for animal lovers and scientists alike. Through tissue culture experiments, for example, scientists can use single cells from a mouse or chick embryo to gauge the effects of myriad chemicals on living matter. The federal government this year granted \$10,000 to the University of Saskatchewan, enabling it to offer to scientists from across the country a one-week immersion course in the method. Along with such space-age technologies as computer simulation, spectroscopy and chromatography, tissue culture tools may one day replace most animal vivisection to the dark age of research. "Ten years ago we needed between 5,000 and 6,000 animals to meet our research demands at the university," says Sergey Padourski, the head of the department of anatomy, who runs the course. "Today we have only about 100 animals—mainly mice." Whether Canada's animal welfare workers will accept the slaughter of thousands as opposed to millions remains a moot point. □

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When light-fingered borrowers hit the books

By Michael Chagnon

The librarians used to wonder how the car thieves came to be so common in the late 1970s and early 1980s. Then people arriving in the morning began to report a new problem: car theft. It turned out that he had chosen the old car and study rooms at 365 Waddington St. as his nighttime residence, and when security guards finally noticed the intruder, they even found the library's address on his driver's license.

Although few people are so brazen, there can be little doubt that when national and individual budgets shrink, libraries must sometimes belt seasonal budgets. Now, as in the Depression of the 1930s, more vagrants are seeking shelter under the books, but that seems the least of the problems. Most of Canada's 962 public libraries are falling behind the inflation rate in their grants from financially pressed governments. For instance, Vancouver's Public Reference Library may reduce its summer hours if an expected two-per-cent cut goes through. The crunch forces us librarians labor to keep pace with the increasing demand for books and services. Between 1970 and 1980, the most recent year for which figures are available, nationwide book-borrowing rose 31 per cent. "There's a dramatic increase in reading today, especially in children's books, as people are turning away from television," explains Vancouver's Andrew Armstrong of Owen Sound, Ont. "But we cannot supply the material people need because we don't have the money."

Compounding the problem is a damaging upsurge in mutilations of library materials. Roger Meades and Sandra Kohn recently reported a 50 per cent increase in vandalism and vandalism from magazines, while the black swans of folk warfare pose obstacles to researchers from pages. Academic mutilation adds to the losses. Says Ken Jensen, assistant chief librarian at the Regina Public Library: "It's always amusing to find people do to books. They put it in a bookend, upside down, they break the spines, they break the books right off the shelf."

There's, like you see, are raising the use of libraries, who note that some 100,000 people, or more, from the shelves—especially day-by-day books, cookbooks and volumes on the

scout. At one Toronto library a staffer spent hours helping a high school student find an elusive periodical, only to switch it on to a book. The staffer, however, it was his bag, dashed past the security guard and vanished in the Yonge Street crowd. Finding also means trouble on some unexpected fronts. According to some library science teachers, the worst culprits are



Book theft is a nationwide scourge of light fingers

children's books, law students—and would-be librarians. "It's very depressing," says Armstrong, who estimates an annual loss of one per cent—or about \$100,000—in his library. "There's a book called *Good Housekeeping* of all things, that's been stolen four times. It was a \$25 book and every time I buy it the price has gone up." Fed up, Armstrong adds, "If somebody wants to read, go to the library. If you don't have to do it without the book."

Since few libraries can afford regular inventories, few can gauge their losses precisely. But a study at the Metropolitan Toronto Library showed that out of two million items, 100,000 were either lost or damaged in 1980. At an arbitrary figure of \$20 per item—reference books are more costly than most—that

amounts to almost \$200,000. Says Jensen: "People no longer regard things like libraries as community property, and they don't think of taking or keeping books as theft."

To replace or discourage thieves many libraries have invested in electrical security control machines, which theoretically warn borrowers from book shelves by sounding an alarm if a book passes without being deactivated at the check-out desk. The Halifax Public Library, which places only books between its front doors and the offering in a locked room, has been forced to consider installing a \$50,000 electrical alarm. "It would probably pay for itself in three to four years," says Deputy Chief Librarian Pauline Hivimovich.

The grey area of overdue books—does it signal absent-mindedness or theft?—bedevils librarians in the struggle to keep books circulating. Collection agencies and book collectors can quickly pay for themselves, as Toronto bookdealer Dale Gunning discovered last year, when she returned more than \$60,000 worth of material (about four times her salary), while coping with dozens of requests of books and money. "Once someone came to the door with a sign," recalls Gunning, who just turned around and walked away. "My largest haul was 800 books from a man who'd borrowed them on three or four hundred cards over three years. He said he never returned them because he knew [the librarians] wouldn't do anything about it. About 10 per cent of the people I call are like that—perpetual offenders."

Librarians insist they can ill afford these perpetual offenders on budgets cut down by the years to come. In fact,

many hard-pressed libraries have tried to boost their coffers by changing fees for a host of variety of services, including interlibrary borrowing and computer searches for information. Although some librarians are debating the pros and cons of user fees for each book borrowed—a system already operating in the United States—that extreme seems unlikely here. Comments Beryl Anderson, chief of the library Department in Ottawa: "The library is set up as a service to the whole community, for which, in effect, the community already pays (through taxes)." But with the economy on the rocks, librarians can only hope the community will be patient, understanding—and responsible.

With files from Catherine Reid.



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A MAGAZINE OF UNDERSTANDING...



BOOKS

Reading for sleeping-bag adventurers

For those who have just escaped the confines of the classroom and the slightly homework routine, summer reading can be almost as popular as blackflies. Only the most adventurous adventure stories are likely to rival the visceral pleasures of sleeping and snoring these recent books—*Hunter in the Dark*, *Black Diamonds* and *The Trouble with Adventurers*—are energetic enough to hold their own against the call of the wild outdoors. Their preoccupations with courage and survival in the wilderness make them perfect fare for this summer's crew of sleeping-bag adventurers.

Marcus Hughes, most recent winner of the Canada Council Award for Children's Literature, writes with a gusto realism that bores well for the future of intelligent juvenile fiction in this country. The 36-year-old hero of *Hunter in the Dark* (Clarke, Irwin, \$22.95), Mike Rankin, is risk, bright, popular—everything a stereotypically thriving young Canadian male could ask for. But when Mike suddenly blacks out in the basketball court, it's more than a slumber—it's a fall from grace. The diagnostic team diagnoses leukemia. Hughes spares us none of the humiliation, the emotional furnishings of family and friends, the physical discomfort, the reconstructing pain. "They were coming

at him with a needle now and he was fighting, yelling, begging them to leave him alone. His body was filled with liquid fire and agony."

And the life-and-death struggle with leukemia is merely a poignant extra dimension to the novel's central story of survival, a vividly realized tale hauntingly told in the Alberta foothills. With the disease in remission, Mike escapes the city and pitches camp in the wilderness, determined to hug a tragically white-tailed deer. Tense and suspenseful, the hunting trip brings us right inside Mike's skin the thrilling ball of his ribs, the salty taste of fear as he fights dark November nights and the blackness of his own future. The stalking scenes are especially memorable. Hughes is intimate with the landscape as he describes and with the simplicity of life in that place. "He squatted down to drink. It was cold and very sweet, as now in Paradise."

The techniques of survival, gun mechanics and hunting lore are all worked efficiently into the narrative. But most compelling is the recurrent pattern of Mike patiently making his quarry by watching the herd, then leaping into a drive. This sustained image of the boy's identification with the very thing he seeks to kill gives force to the moment when he stands, finger on the trigger, a magnificent five-point buck in the cross

hairs of his sight. At least the hunt lets Mike's insistent search for himself in the lonely elements of the wilderness, unimpeded by hospitals or his country, subside late. What he finds in the dark out there is his answer to the darkness within.

A much lighter tale of adventure is *Black Diamonds* (McGill-Queen's and Stewart, \$14.95), James Houston's 16th book for young people. Unlike Hughes's probing realism, Houston is content with surface. The action races so breathlessly from crisis to crisis that there's no time for reflection. This is a high-octane comic book, complete with stock characters and pre-wired dialogue.

A sequel to Houston's 1977 *Proseur Fire*, *Black Diamonds* recreates 15-year-old Blah Morgan and his best blood brother, Kaspik. At the end of the earlier book, these two were lucky to be alive after a grueling Arctic search for Matt's copper-hungry father and his misdeed, Charlie. All four ended up in hospital, supposedly safer but worse about get-rich-quick schemes. Apparently they have not learned their lesson. As *Black Diamonds* opens, they are already cooking up a plan to find the river of gold that the boys had stumbled upon.

Simple greed is the basis of the narrative, and Houston scarcely questions

the materialistic mentality that leads his foursome into another round of dangerous adventures. Young readers will love the rush of the action, such as when Matt and Kaspik escape the hickberry gang of a herd of walrus by struggling waist-deep through the freezing sea. But many may wonder about a father who once again threatens his son's life in the pursuit of a well-misplaced bank account.

To its credit, *Black Diamonds* displays two of the author's most admirable qualities: a fine eye for the Arctic landscape and a vibrant respect for Inuit culture. Though the rich colors of Inuit lore is sometimes awkwardly presented, these glimpses into traditional ways shed some light on the violent clash of Inuit and white cultures. This clash gives Houston the marvelous old man, a character who first leapt off the pages of *Proseur Fire*. Crazy as a fox, he lives on the run from the encroaching white culture. Like a tiny lost tribe, he and his fur-wrapped family live in splendid isolation, in complete obscurity. The white man, a series of slinky snatches are strung along the wild man's ears, all with their useless, time-taking hands pulled off.

Christie Harris offers a more recent-titled look at active Canadian culture with *The Trouble with Adventurers* (McGill-Queen's and Stewart, \$12.95), the latest in a seemingly endless series of children's stories gleaned from western Canadian history and the legends of the Northwest Coast Indian. Like all good

books, these tales of heroism have a moral at heart. As she launches into each story, Harris briefly describes the "trouble" with the upcoming adventure. The flaws she reveals are glossed into the problematic nature of heroism in every culture. There is the humorous tale of Inuit and porcupine, each trying to convert the other to its way of life, which shows that sometimes there are "reluctant adventurers, who should have stayed home." A more complex tale of self-perpetuating bloodshed, *Revenge of a Wolf Prince* launches the all-too-common end of heroism: "they did

not always survive to enjoy the happy-ever-after."

Though Harris has used an engaging annotated style to help bridge the gap between oral tradition and printed page, the stories have lost their spoken essence and suffer a bit from literary toppings and high-sounding words. Still, it is an interesting book, likely to attract precocious readers, even who can enjoy the gifts of another, older culture and who possess at least the beginnings of what the American poet Wallace Stevens called a "mythic mind."

—CATHY ANN HANCOCK

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MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

1. *The Parallax Man*, Jonathan (1)
 2. *The One True Devil*, Davidson (1)
 3. *The Man From St. Petersburg*, Fulton (1)
 4. *North and South*, Julia (1)
 5. *No Goodbyes*, Forsyth (1)
 6. *An Instant Obsession*, McCullough (1)
 7. *The Shogun's Court*, Thomas (1)
 8. *The Great Game*, Forsyth (1)
 9. *Colony*, Thomas (1)
 10. *My Brother's Wife*, Gooding (1)
- Nonfiction
1. *John F. Kennedy's Worst Book*, Fenton (1)
 2. *The Great Game*, Forsyth (1)
 3. *Years of Upheaval*, Kesteven (1)
 4. *The Country Life Book of the Year*, Proulx (1)
 5. *Living, Loving & Learning*, Bessinger (1)
 6. *The Holy Bible and the Holy Grail*, Bergant, English & Woods (1)
 7. *Life on Earth*, McWhorter (1)
 8. *The Accusations*, Newman (1)
 9. *The Kennedy Improvement*, Wills (1)
 10. *The Fate of the Earth*, Schell (1)

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THE THING
Directed by John Carpenter

Y ou almost need as many attacks as a Holocaust to watch *The Thing*. John Carpenter's masterpiece of splatterhead mutation. It is as apocalyptic as a whisper. "I don't have what's in there," says one of the men stranded at a scientific institute in the Antarctic, "but it's weird and pissed off, whatever it is." The manly, cynical humor of *The Thing* is a seed of the horror, and the audience has no choice but to laugh nervously. What is in there, graphically confronting the camera, is unlike anything moviegoers have ever seen. In the hands of makeup magician Rob Bottin, who created the on-camera "monster" transformations in *The Thing*, the Thing itself is a series of suddenly opening wounds tearing in as much to produce more of the same. It is so profoundly offensive and exaggerated, it looks like Satan's sign.

The Thing eats away at life like cancer—the ultimate body snatcher. It came from outer space and lay preserved in ice until some Norwegian scientist found it and fought with it. Pure, living matter that can mysteriously mutate a single cell and grow with tenfold speed, it can also mutate, so that the ones at the base don't know who is human and who is not. The Thing and its progeny can only be destroyed by fire. Lodged in the bleak wastes of Antarctica, where any means of escape is no—and is—submerged, the men are slightly creeped suspecting each other of being The Thing. All the while weaving

with risks fewer. The only one who keeps something approaching a clear head is MacReady (Kurt Russell), a hard-drinking, cocky-minded super pilot (he dumps a slug of J & J into the circuits of a computer chess game that has outwitted him). The rest of the men are anonymously played by relatively unknown character actors, and the identification with them adds to the horror.

John Carpenter (*Halloween*, *The Fog*, *Escape From New York*) has become a master horror craftsman. The proving, tracking camera of *Halloween*—a snail's pace movie—is used sparingly, he has moved beyond technique into subject. His grip on the horror of *The Thing* is so firm that the technique is self-effacing: when someone walks into a room he shouldn't, and the audience whispers "You fool!" Carpenter's interest in its snail's pace is to the intense meditation of *The Thing*, not in jolting us for the hell of it. We become fixated on what lies ahead instead of what is within the camera's frame.

The Thing probably came under fire for its offensiveness, and it is utterly persuasive. We are aware The Thing very early on in the movie, but it never loses its horrific quality. The terror is that it does not

deteriorate on like cancer, the movie's metaphorical subject matter. *The Thing* is an implacable mystery. Alternating with the gross gallery of effects are some wickedly four-letter words in Bill Lancaster's screenplay and some unobtrusive subtleties. For example, there are no women at the base, which is reasonable, but women (birds, and hence on life) are never once mentioned; the idea of birth and renewal of life is subtly but surely absent. Aside from seeing a woman behaving rather stiffly on a TV game show, we only hear Billie Holiday creepily singing "Don't Explain" while the men are playing cards. Carpenter does everything to obliterate a sense of life continuing onward—even giving us a crashroom clank.

Warning: battered cowboy hat-wearer-horse, Kurt Russell is a new kind of cowboy. Not his toughness and ingenuity, a rifle on last year's expensively *Snake Plutonium* from *Escape From New York*, just isn't a match for the bad guy. We are left, with Russell, wondering whether or not there will be dawn on the land of the midnight sun. With its victory (albeit late) and Bottin's makeup effects—*Blade Runner* meets *Frankenstein*—*The Thing* earns every right to its shiffling. An extraordinarily frightening film. —LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

When high tech meets squallor

BLADE RUNNER
Directed by Ridley Scott

I n *Blade Runner*, director Ridley Scott, late of *Alien*, gives optimism the best of both worlds: his projection of Los Angeles, Calif., in the year 2020

Ford: technoscient hardware and unconventional characters



and a nervous mix of high technology and squalor. It is a cold, glittering world colonized by men, where police cars zip through the air but where human habitats are dingy and bare—a city of men, lefty spaces. Technology has advanced to the point at which exact replicas of human beings, or replicants, have been created to serve as slaves in outer-space colonies. Programmed to live for only four years, these replicants have engendered complete confusion in society. Blade runners (hunter-busters) have been recruited to exterminate, or "retire," them. Four of the replicants, led by Ripley (Harrison Ford), the retired blade runner, has been christened back to the job to get them.

Peacocking through its hardware is *Blade Runner* does not quite work for a number of reasons. It tries to evoke much the same eeriness and awe as *Blade Runner*, where the movie is mostly set. Deckard falls for a new kind of replicant, Rachael (Sean Young, who looks like a clone of Ripley's Weaver from *Alien*), who is the first who has not been programmed to betray. After four years. Their relationship is reminiscent of that between *Chinatown*'s Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway—passion shadowed by an impending sense of doom. The movie also tries to be futuristic, but over—given a few well-but-fading variations by Deckard, a man who bemoans his own feelings. There between his job, which he loathes increasingly, and what Rachael means to him, Deckard begins questioning what difference lies between the so-called human and the replicant.

Harrison Ford is simply the wrong man to play Deckard. Beyond his pained face, he doesn't have the emotional resources to show the blade runner's frustration and eventual torment. Since the movie concentrates so heavily on character, and Ford doesn't have the broad back to carry it, *Blade Runner* becomes a hit-and-miss affair. Technically it is an assured piece of work, but it lacks a certain narrative tension to keep us totally engaged. With only four replicants on the loose, there is not much at stake, though there is a cliff-hanger finale between Ford and Hauser.

Despite some grossness when dealing with what constitutes beauty (is dying replicant seeds a dove flying into the air) and its general inability to focus itself, *Blade Runner* displays a lot of talent and thought on a conceptual level. But when the blade runner discovers the questions he has always feared, we are never asked by the movie that it may all be too late. The movie represents the triumph of ambivalence over the truly deeply felt. —LOF.

Our best to you from California

Unbelievable at any speed

FIREFOX
Directed by Clint Eastwood

There is not much good news in Firefox now that, for the sake of the movie's narrative argument, the Russians have developed a super plane capable of exceeding a speed of Mach 6. "Or possibly Mach 7," says one American official, which is just one of the things the movie is not quite sure of. Only one man is capable of reaching the super-phrase Firefox way from the Russians and he's Clint Eastwood, he also happens to be a Vietnam vet who suffers "delayed stress reactions" or black-outs, which will prove convenient in generating suspense later on. If, as a reminder of the increasingly chilly Cold War, Firefox proves depressing, wait until you get a glimpse at Eastwood's middle-aged spread. Now there's a reminder of mortality.

After a few days and a few flights, Clint refrains too long in the plane and sends us into Mach 10 of laughter. It is at this point that the dialogue (the dumbest since they decided to raise the Titanic) shifts steadily back and forth from Russian to English for no accountable reason. The Firefox is



Eastwood: the film unfolds along with the excitement of watching a pendulum

self looks like an old crane, and there's a further surprise the Russians have built a center ship that zooms off into the wild blue, but on Clint's tail. Why, one might ask, would Clint's plane, such a sophisticated piece of super-technology, have to refuel—especially when the one in pursuit does not?

Two years ago Clint Eastwood made a lively, charming western called Bronco

Billy which hardly exposed bothered to see, his direction in Firefox is startling in comparison. Apart from the hilarious (and often of the script, the movie unfolds along by the power of belabored constructing of the plot and confrontations between officials, which have all the excitement of watching a pendulum. Firefox should have been called The Wrong Stuff.

—L. G.T.

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MUSIC

Torrid rhythms in a cold climate

With his towering frame and supple baritone, Leroy Sibbles is an imposing presence on any stage. But when he mounted into the lights at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens last week, he didn't expect to be recognized by many of the 14,000 fans solemnly awaiting the arrival of The Commodores, the most popular black band in the world. Nevertheless, on his head day into the opening song of *I'm Thankful*, the single from his new album, there was a roar of recognition from the crowd. Sibbles was surprised, though still a star in his native Jamaica, he is relatively unknown outside reggae circles in Toronto, his home for the past six years. After sifting through a confident set of rhythm and blues spiced with reggae and funk, he strode into the dressing room and exclaimed, "They've heard the record!"

The record is *Sibbles*, an album that marks an artistic breakthrough for Toronto's thriving, but neglected, reggae scene. At the age of 33, Sibbles, long regarded as the patron saint of Jamaican music in Canada, is the first local reggae artist to be adopted by a major label, A&M Records. But only a third of the songs on *Sibbles* are reggae; the rest are a convincing mixture of soul, R & B and jam-session rock. The package was carefully balanced to circumvent a widespread bias against reggae airplay at radio stations. "Reggae just isn't a big musical form," says John Parfitt, a media consultant who helps about 35 Canadian stations meet their demands. "It requires a little getting into for people. And nearly every major black musical firm ever has had to be covered by white people — from Elvis Presley to the Police — to become popular."

Although a new generation of reggae bands has emerged in Toronto in the past year, each determined to play its music undiluted, some veteran Jamaican performers, such as Bruce South and Carlene Davis, gave up trying to show out the Canadian market and returned south instead of leaving. Sibbles has survived by adapting his music. By blending his commercial and musical talent, his manager, Stuart Besser-Hill,

recruited a legion of well-known Canadian musicians to record *Sibbles*, including Bruce Cockburn and most of his band. Backed by another band composed mostly of white musicians, Sibbles headlined well-received concerts in Calgary and Edmonton in mid-June before opening for The Commodores at the Gardens and the Montreal Forum. The crossover from a localised reggae audience to the broader national market seems to have worked. The sta-



Sibbles: melding rhythms and blues with reggae

tion across the country are playing the album, and the single has become one of the very few reggae tracks to reach the 40 albums. "Strong reggae is hard to fit into our mix," says Hugh Adair, program director at Toronto's CTR, where *I'm Thankful* has already climbed halfway up the station's chart. "But this time around Leroy came up with a very nice appeal sound."

Attaining a high profile in Canada has not been easy for Sibbles. When he moved to Toronto in 1973, seeking relief from Jamaica's economic ruin, he was leader of The Heptones, one of the island's top bands. He is still the only performer who has been invited back to Stargate, Jamaica's annual reggae con-

gress, for five consecutive years. The son of a small businessman who owns a tire factory, Sibbles was raised in "rags." Though he has a reputation that appeared reggae superstar Bob Marley. At 16 he quit school and spent two years studying electrical welding before forming The Heptones. The group's biggest hit, *Forty Forty*, while banned by radio for its suggestive lyrics, has been at the top of the local charts for months in 1989. As a result, the band

was whisked away on a British tour with Toots (Tilbers) and the Maytals.

Assured by Sibbles' vast popularity abroad, Sibbles set out to carve a similar niche for himself in Toronto, which has the world's third-largest population of Jamaican expatriates. But he did not foresee the hardships of trying to break through the Canadian bar circuit. Sibbles recalls travelling to Ottawia, Que., in the dead of winter with a shudder. The van broke down, and, even with the heat on, there was no firing on the inside of the windows. "I thought, 'This is the end of the road.'"

Crushed, Sibbles received a small consolation from the bar circuit was his assimilation of black American influences. He grew up listening to Sam Cooke, Otis Redding, The Platters and The Temptations. However, the American influence on his music was not rooted in Jamaican foundations. When the band landed into the raw reggae of *Sibbles* at the Gardens last week, the song was evidence itself that Sibbles' roots and social conscience still remain. *These workshops and desks/Generals and men of higher realm/See they're all instruments of pain/See I am one in the work of the beat.*

The prophetic tone of the song, written a year before the Falklands crisis, is typical of the Rastafarian vision that Sibbles shares with many reggae artists. But his decision to work with a mainly white band hints at a broader audience in a departure from the sometimes doctrinaire politics of the music. "Reggae is trying to bring together all the people," he stresses, "not just the black people."

—DAVID D. JOHNSON



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FOR THE RECORD

On the edge of tradition

Sir Michael Tippett, now 77, is a central post-philosopher whose still-relevant themes more clearly in his more recent compositions (the way: his Symphony No. 3 (1977) is disturbing but life-affirming, an energetic forthrightness passes powerfully recorded by Sir Georg Solti (London/PolyGram). Solti thrives on such soaring athleticism and rhythmic propulsion, and his Chicago orchestra shows virtuoso mastery of the vocal score. The delightful coupling is Tippett's *Book for the Birthday of Prince Charles* (1984), its five movements saturated with English folk tunes, all festively decked out by the composer.

Tippett's musical personality has cultivated its self-awareness over 40 years. In contrast, four recent records point up the stylistic confusion in contemporary music. *Glassworks* (1985) contains instrumental pieces by influential New York composer Philip Glass—find but increasingly repetitive musical material variations stressing rudimentary total accompaniments. The aim may be a hypnotic Nirvana; the result is more like purgatory. There is a more old-fashioned use of tonality in *Washington Square*, an attractively crafted but outstanding ballet score by Vancouver-based Michael Conway Baker (Cincinnati). It's perfectly in key on the ear, but the London (England) Symphony Orchestra makes the most of some brilliant scoring.

At a polar extreme is Robert Ashley, *Photo* (Melbourne). Canada's premiere factor performs miracles of proscription and produces some astonishing, even startling, stage sounds. But apart from a serene passage by Susan Silvestri, the five other experimental pieces are as baffling as the climes from which they originate (Canada, Iceland and Sweden). Technical expertise also outweighs content in *Andrius* (Melbourne), electroacoustical pieces by Barry Truitt of Simon Fraser University. In his *Love Song*, Deana Melita, mezzo-soprano, keeps afloat in a sea of taped, electronic and synthesized sounds, but, as in the rest of the recording set, what is at first initially intriguing soon becomes tiresome. Pity the composer searching for a voice amid the bedlam of musical choices available to us in 1988. Tippett, born in 1905, whose musical traditions were better defined, had an easier task.

—JOHN PRANGE

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Of logic and René Lévesque

By Allan Fotheringham

Zouze, Dr. Fotheringham, it is certainly preposterous to permeate the parameters of your perceptions.

Blasphemy is the totality, it's not the specificity of your ignorance.

Well, per, it's horrendously *Financé* Minister Allan MacKenzie. Does he have any idea what he's doing?

No. Not a whit. However, the act of all people is to kill. It's essential that the driving in Tokyo traffic. Pretend to know what you're doing and never look back.

But I read that MacKenzie was giving a four-minute speech in Toronto last week to explain his economic policies and he lost the last few pages of his speech and had to sit down, mumbling and distracted. The audience never did hear his solutions.

The audience should feel itself lucky. Listening to any Allan MacKenzie speech has all the thrill of a two-hour dental appointment. He speaks as if his mouth were full of Nova Scotia partridge, and his prose is as messy. Losing the last few pages of a speech is nothing. He's already lost the dollar.

Well, I'm a little confused. Why does he still have his job? In real life, a man who mangles his notes wouldn't be allowed to be in charge of the country's finances.

By George, I think you've got it. The ordinary rules of logic do not apply, you must realize, in the fairy-tale world of politics. Especially in the dying days of liberal politics. It is in this charge and you can't get there from here. The ship of state has lost its rudder, not to mention its notes.

Why is that?

Because Pierre Elliott Trudeau is a sadist. He is able to concentrate his attention on governing only in odd years and this is an even-numbered year.

You mean he's a *Nihilist*?

No, he just thinks by numbers. What I mean is that when the year has slipped further than the dollar. He's not Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Sunday Mirror*.

going to run again and so he can't mount the resolve to sack poor old MacKenzie and bring in someone new who could restore investor confidence. Trudeau has never admitted an error in his life, and replacing MacKenzie would be an admission that maybe the Liberals have some responsibility for a 77-cent dollar—rather than Ronnie Reagan.

What's Reagan got to do with it?

Mr. Trudeau and Mr. Reagan are not exactly in the same intellectual class, and so Mr. Trudeau has taken to blaming Washington for all of Canada's (his and ruin, interest rates, the energy

next federal election.

You're confusing me. I thought René Lévesque wanted to get out of Canada.

He does. And the way to do it, he figures, is to get inside the tent so that he can pull it down.

Now run that one past me slowly. To wreck Canada, he first wants to become part of the government of Canada?

That's right.

Why would he do that?

Because he regards the real enemy as Pierre Trudeau, and all he represents (that's called the Liberal party when it's attention span gets around tails). If Lévesque can take 15 to 20 House of Commons seats in Quebec, that would destroy the Liberal majority in Parliament—which is there only because 50 per cent of the seats is from Quebec.

What would happen then?

The Conservatives, of course, would be back in power since they already are the favored party at the moment in nine of the 10 provinces.

Are you kidding?

Right. The man who may put Joe Clark back in power is René Lévesque. The man with no hair supporting the man with no hair.

Is that Canadian?

Of course. Pierre Trudeau has no politics, and Allan MacKenzie has no notes. The country has no currency, and the workers have no jobs. Alberta has no more oil rigs, and Ontario has no more industry. Could René and Joe make it any worse?

You're not serious about the PQ making it to Ottawa...?

Of course I am. The last time a group of passionate Quebecers made it to Ottawa it was the *Creditistas*. They wore double-breasted and wore no clothes. Now we'll have the *Nihilistes*. They wear jackets borrowed from Eater's and ate fasnachts.

What's a fasnacht?

That's someone who can't change his mind and won't change the subject. Sounds like Allan MacKenzie to me.

You've got it, Fotheringham.

Wow, thanks, Dr. Fotheringham, you've certainly managed to muddy the fasnachts for me.

Feel free.



fuel-up, the acid dollar, unemployment, inflation, drought, overgrowth, the price of groceries and ghetto-blasters.

Is there any logical successor to MacKenzie in the cabinet?

Not really. As a talent scout, Trudeau is Little League. One guy they keep mentioning is Treasury Board President Don Johnston, who used to be Trudeau's personal lawyer. He plays the piano better than Henry Truman, and at least he wouldn't lose his notes. He plays by ear.

So?

But he has one weakness. He's a race guy and he attempts to give answers when asked a question. This is probably fatal for a finance minister, where a dictionary of obfuscation comes with the portfolio. MacKenzie plays obfuscation better than Johnston can play Chopin. He uses all the black keys.

That is so depressing. Don't you lose any good sleep?

Sure. René Lévesque in Châteauguay to run Parti Québécois candidates in the

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